

# THE JUNE READER

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

BRYAN &  
BEVERIDGE  
TRUST REPLIES



THE YOUNG AMERICAN PUBLISHED BY THE YOUNG AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. INDIANAPOLIS



## VICTOR Aux-e-to-phone \$500

The Victor Company  
presents to the public this  
new and wonderful instrument.

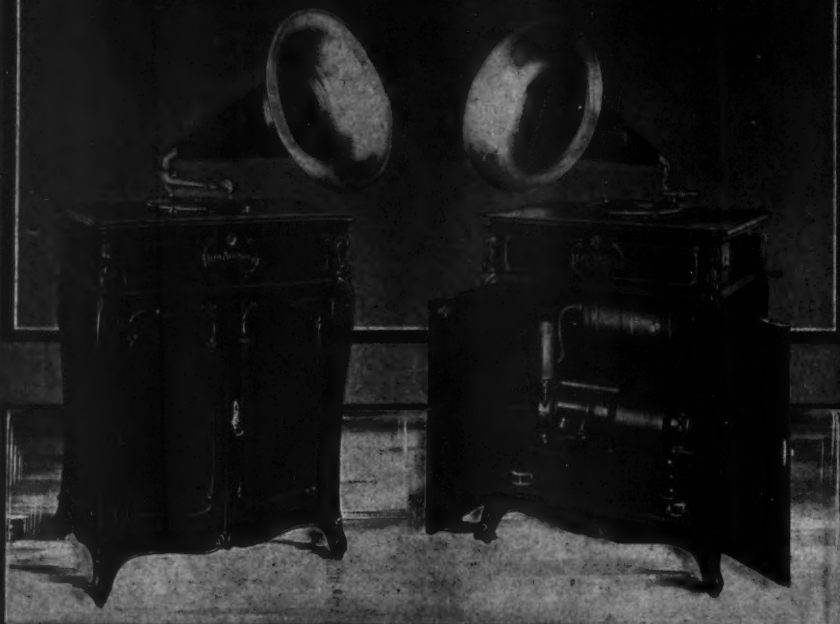
For large residences, ball-rooms, hotels, theatres,  
halls, piazzas and lawns—no space is too large  
for a perfect rendering of Grand Opera, Concert or a Dance Pro-  
gramme, on the Victor Aux-e-to-phone.

### PNEUMATIC AUXILIARY POWER

The well-known pneumatic principle used in the finest organs,  
from power developed by special electric mechanism. Compressed  
air is sent through a new and ingenious sound-box, magnifying the  
beautiful Victor tone into a glorious volume of melodious sound.

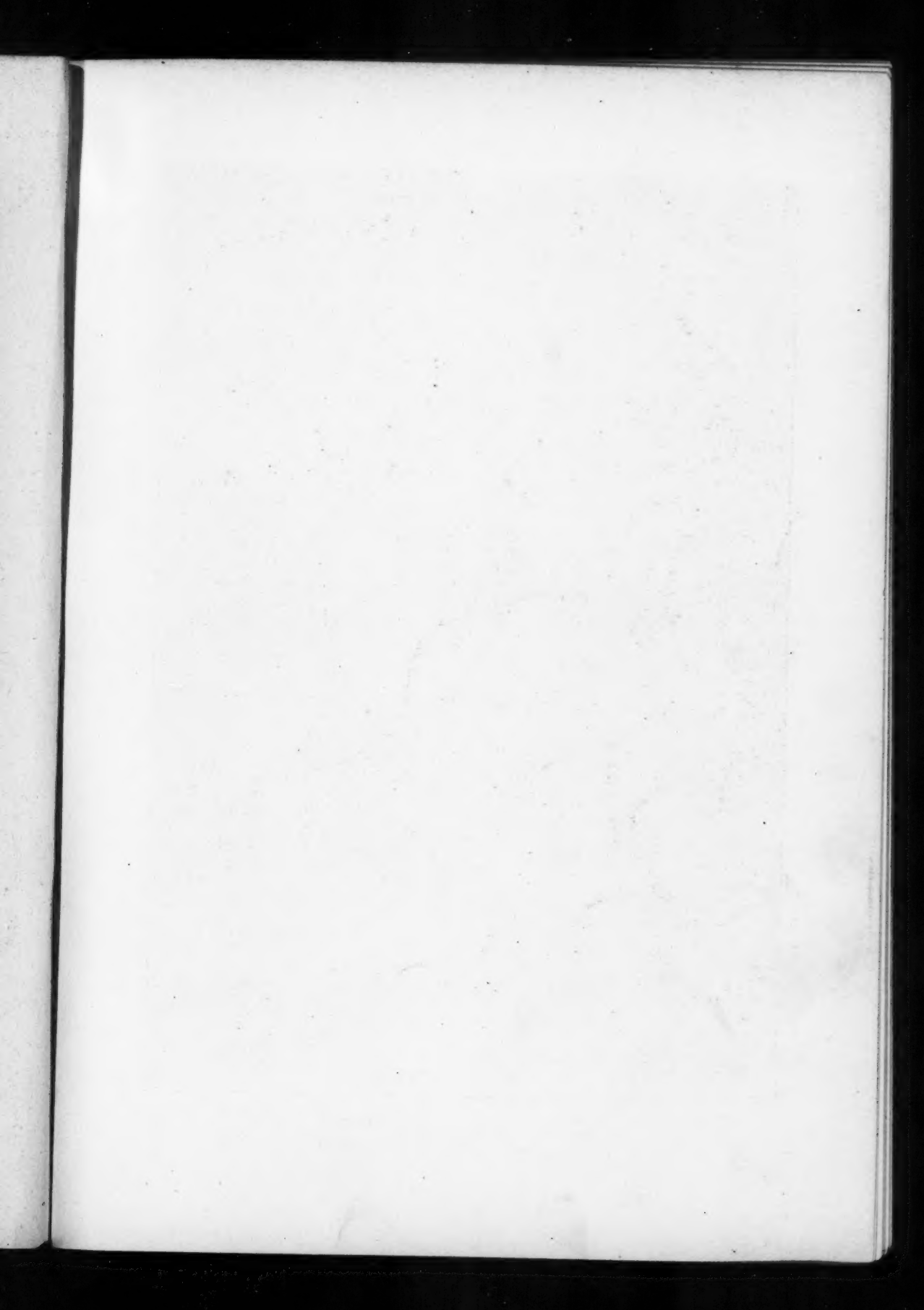
As easy to operate (with any Victor Record) as any other form  
of Victor.

The Aux-e-to-phone may be heard at principal Victor dealers. Write for descriptive book.



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. Camden, N. J., U. S. A.  
Dealers: Gramophone Company, Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER."





Palating by Will Vawter

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

NOON-TIME AN' JUNE-TIME, DOWN AROUND THE RIVER! . . .  
TIED, YOU KNOW, BUT *LOVIN'* IT, AN' *SMILIN'* JES' TO THINK 'AT  
ANY *SWEETER* TIREDNESS YOU'D FAIRLY WANT TO *DRINK* IT!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



# THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME X

JUNE, 1907

NUMBER 1

## SOCIAL SERVICE IN BUSINESS

By MARY R. CRANSTON

Of the American Institute of Social Service



EN or fifteen years ago an employer who gave the slightest thought to the welfare of his employes was rare; he was regarded by his contemporaries as a crank with vagaries which might in time prove to be mischievous, if not positively harmful. After a while it became evident that work in his factory went on with little or no friction, that the output had improved both in quality and in quantity, and that consideration for his working people had produced an alert, conscientious force instead of a company of lazy incompetents, as the wiseacres had prophesied. Naturally, other business men followed in his footsteps and adopted various forms of social service, with modifications to suit the exigencies of individual needs.

Industrial betterment made slow progress, however, until the American Institute of Social Service was organized in New York City in 1898, with a

department for the exchange of ideas and experiences between the pioneers and those desiring to make a beginning in factory improvement. By collecting information upon labor conditions all over the world, and thus being in a position to know the comparative value of social undertakings, the Institute has done and is doing a useful work by suggesting to manufacturers practical ideas for factory and workshop betterment. By means of photographs, printed matter and other data on file in its library, the early believers in the principle of humanitarian methods in business have served as models for others; by pointing the way to a higher and far more comfortable business life they have demonstrated the fact that it pays to do the right thing; that aside from all humanitarian motives and as a cold business proposition, industrial betterment is desirable because it pays in dollars and cents. And so to-day, as new factories are built or old ones remodeled, particular attention is given to ventilation, lighting, sanitation, the installation of proper lavatory conveniences, and individual lockers for hats and coats, as a foundation for the gradual extension of social service.

As the problems which arise in each factory differ from those in every other,

so must each work out its own salvation, bearing in mind always that the factories most successfully socialized are those in which employes are perfectly free to make suggestions, and where social institutions are established directly in response to a need, or an expressed desire, for them. There is a certain resemblance between all industrial betterment factories, yet no two are precisely alike. Very distinct dissimilarity exists between those of different countries, owing to racial characteristics and local conditions.



CONVALESCENTS IN A HOSPITAL CONDUCTED BY  
A GERMAN STEEL-WORKS COMPANY

In the United States, England, France, Germany, Sweden, Japan, and even in Russia, in spite of that country's political troubles, there are innumerable establishments, as well as industrial towns, ideal in their provision for the health, happiness and general welfare of the people who work and live in them.

In Japan and Sweden, where the simple life has so far preserved industrial peace, there is, comparatively, little social work for employes, for little is needed. In England and the continental countries industrial betterment takes on an aspect decidedly paternalistic, which

is but natural when social, political and economic conditions are taken into consideration. Germany's development has been along the line of compulsory insurance; mutual benefit associations and thrift societies are most popular in France, while in British factories recreation is the prevalent form of social service. As for the United States, American adaptability has enabled our manufacturers to adopt every form of industrial betterment to be found elsewhere, without specializing upon any of them, unless it may be in educational classes, which are rather more numerous in factories of this country than abroad.

Economically speaking, the most valuable feature of industrial betterment is the encouragement of thrift through mutual benefit associations, savings funds, penny provident banks, and provision for old age or disability through insurance and pensions.

The amount of money a workingman can save is too small to seem "worth while," yet large enough to amount to quite a respectable sum at the end of the year. The great thing is to substitute a habit of saving for wasteful expenditure, and this is done through associations which receive small deposits. These are usually managed by the men themselves, but in many cases the bookkeeping is done by the company's clerical force in working hours, free of charge. Sometimes the money is deposited with the firm, which pays a fair rate of interest; sometimes it is merely a fund laid by for the rainy day, and is entirely in the hands of the members.

Sick or mutual benefit associations follow a uniform plan—that of allowing certain weekly sums of money, in proportion to deposits, during illness, and a lump sum in case of death.

The larger corporations and many American railroad companies pension employes after a term of service, generally twenty years, and, by refusing to take on a man over forty years old, make

sixty years or less the usual age for retirement.

In Germany a workingman is required by law to deposit for his pension a certain amount of his wages; his employer must add an equal sum, and a certain proportion is paid by the government. In this way a German worker is compelled to provide for his old age. The opponents of compulsory insurance claim that it tends to make men careless and thriftless, since they are sure of

taking on of a man or woman is equivalent to lifetime employment. With the coming of old age or ill health a comfortable home awaits them in the company's almshouse, a building so cheery and homelike that all suggestion of charity is eliminated by an atmosphere of reward for work well done.

Under the present industrial system work has to be done at such high pressure that a few years' employment is apt to wear out the constitution of a man or



GARDENS MAINTAINED BY A LARGE FACTORY FOR THE CHILDREN OF ITS EMPLOYÉES

state aid in old age. While this may be true in isolated cases, the German insurance system is nevertheless a good thing, for, even if men are sure of state aid, they get it in the form of pensions which they have helped to create, and not as a dole of charity.

English factories, as a rule, have no old-age pensions, but many of them pay annuities to those who are incapacitated through accident while in their service or have contracted disease through employment. In one British factory the

woman unless great care is exercised to overcome the harmful effects of undue physical and mental strain. The firm loses time and the employé usually loses pay during illness. If prospective loss of wages, and perhaps position, does not aggravate the case, it certainly does not accelerate recovery. To prevent such a situation the better class of iron and steel foundries, factories and department stores have emergency closets, in addition to excellent medical service. The larger corporations build fine hospitals

for the sole use of their employés, equip them with the latest appliances, and see that the best physicians to be had are in constant attendance. The service equals that in the best hospitals, with the difference that the patient has the satisfaction of knowing that his illness is not entailing extra expense upon his family, and, even if his wages are withdrawn for the time being, he at least is not a burden upon them. In the smaller as well as in the larger establishments there are classes in first aid to the injured, ambulance service, resident physicians and trained nurses. Generally no charge is made for either doctor or prescriptions; sometimes the privilege of being visited by the company's doctor is extended to members of the employé's family at the expense of a nominal fee. The trained nurse of a Western factory visits employés in their homes for ten and fifteen cents an hour. An American pickle factory, with hundreds of girls, places a carriage at the disposal of convalescent employés, which gives them a breath of fresh air in the park.

For many years a German steel and iron foundry, one of the world's largest industries, in addition to a good hospital, has maintained convalescent homes which are comfortable and pleasant places in which to recover from an illness. Mild indoor and outdoor games, with regular medical attendance at a time when caution is apt to be neglected, assist a patient to quick recovery.

From the standpoint of both master and man, nothing is more important than safeguarded machinery and adequate fire protection; the former reduces the probability of damage suits, and both insure safety in employment to the worker.

To our shame be it said that European manufacturers are far ahead of those in this country in care for life and limb of employés. The latest, most improved methods for the prevention of accidents are to be found in the average European

factory, while the Museums of Security in Berlin and Amsterdam are daily visited by industrialists in search of the best devices for safeguarding machinery.

As a precaution against fire there are efficient fire brigades. A British factory, known the world over, has a fire department which costs \$10,000 a year to keep up, but the expenditure is considered far less expensive than would be a fire so disastrous as the one which led to the formation of the brigade. There are fire drills at frequent but unexpected times, which empty large buildings within a few seconds. In a factory where young girls are employed, at the sound of the fire alarm each girl quickly but quietly rises from her seat and takes her place behind the one in front of her, as close as possible without touching her. When the signal is given the girls march out in perfect order, the rule which forbids personal contact preventing the danger of a stampede.

The fire brigade is usually in charge of an experienced chief or a man who has had especial training for his position; he either receives extra pay during fire service or is given special privileges as to hours of vacation.

A Philadelphia department store was the first business house to place educational opportunities within reach of employés by conducting a school for cash boys, where they were taught elementary studies and given lessons in good manners. To-day, in various parts of the United States, there are such schools for both boys and girls, as well as classes in salesmanship and arithmetic for men, cooking and dressmaking for women.

A number of firms provide lecture rooms and employ the best speakers to give lectures to the staff, their friends and families during the winter season. In a Southern and a middle Western city a factory kindergarten was the means of having such schools incorporated into the public school system.



THE TRANSFORMATION OF VACANT LOTS INTO ATTRACTIVE PARKS  
How industrial betterment enhances the value of property in a New England factory town

Scholarships are offered, correspondence classes encouraged, and in every way employés are stimulated to study and read.

Many factories have excellent libraries of well-selected books, read and enjoyed by hundreds of working people who would otherwise have to depend upon sensational penny papers for reading matter. Public libraries are rarely, if ever, located near factories, consequently the very people who need books and ought to have them are absolutely deprived of them; so the factory library fills a real need. Not yet are there trained librarians in factories, and this is a loss to both factory and librarian, for scarcely anywhere else are there such opportunities for the personal service which the genuine librarian is glad to give and considers a privilege. Public libraries have, in a few instances, opened stations in factories, but they are in charge of a volunteer librarian, who merely keeps account of the books. In

New York the free traveling libraries of the New York Public Library have been placed wherever they are asked for, and may be had by any firm in that state which desires them. Sometimes the firm will give several hundred volumes as a nucleus, the employés and their friends adding to the number from time to time. A library for women and girls is quite different from one for men; the former care for love stories and novels about lords and ladies of high degree, while men read technical journals and trade papers. Whether for amusement or instruction, the factory library is deservedly popular.

In the American factory, where social work was first undertaken upon a large scale, a luncheon room was the initial institution, whose establishment came about in a very human but rather unusual way. A member of the firm happened to pass through the building one day just before the noon hour. Observing a girl place a tin can on the radiator,





NOON-HOUR AT THE AVERAGE OLD-TIME  
FACTORY

and supposing that it contained glue, he said to her: "Why do you heat the glue like that?" "It is not glue," she replied, "it is coffee." As he walked away the man thought it a pity for the girls to drink warmed-over, tepid coffee at noon. He said to himself: "There's no reason why we can't fix up a place where fresh tea or coffee can be made; those girls would undoubtedly do better work after a cup of something hot with their cold luncheon, and it will pay us to see that they have it." With this as a beginning, in the years that have followed many social features have been added, one by one, until that factory has to-day the most complete and elaborate system of industrial betterment to be found in America.

Nowadays luncheon rooms are considered almost as necessary as an office for the manager, and are conducted in various ways. One of the following methods is generally chosen: First, luncheons served at cost; second, some dishes free of charge, such as bread, butter, soup, coffee, with others at cost price; third, no charge for anything. The first is the most popular plan, the last not often met with, since employés

very properly resent anything which savors of charity, and prefer to pay a reasonable price for what they get.

It is but natural that the rest room should have complemented the luncheon room. For rest and recreation solely, they are simply but attractively furnished, and are provided with games, papers and periodicals. In many instances employés have so deeply appreciated the rest room that they have subscribed among themselves money for the purchase of pictures and magazines. The girls in a Brooklyn laundry have rented a good piano for their pretty rest room.

Turning from the more substantial features of industrial betterment to what may be called its lighter, though not less important side, there are all sorts of opportunities for recreation. A large factory or department store has a social life all its own; there are clubs, athletic, social, literary and musical. The sensible outdoor life of the English leads to open-air match games, tennis, bowling, cricket and swimming for the men, croquet and tennis for the women. Compulsory gymnastic exercises are given in the company's time by physical directors.

A large business just outside of London has recently bought an old house in spacious grounds, formerly a gentleman's residence, and has turned it over to the employés for a club house. The parlors, with wide windows opening on the lawn, adjoin a game room with a fine



LUNCHEON IN A MODERN FACTORY



A FACTORY ROOF-GARDEN: THIS SHOWS ONLY ONE END OF A LONG ROOF

billiard room just beyond. There are baths, a few sleeping rooms for those of the London force who go down from time to time to spend the week-end there, a library, an inexpensive restaurant, in fact, everything which goes to make up the sum total of comfort in a gentleman's club, although on a simple rather than an elaborate plan. A tiny stream winds in and out through the grounds, and there are rowboats for those who wish to spend a quiet hour upon the little river in the shade of the overhanging trees.

Music is popular wherever there are enough musically inclined persons to form a club or band. In a certain factory, in departments where it does not interfere with work, the girls sing at stated hours, their busy hands keeping time to the music. An excellent musical director trains them. In the beginning they taught themselves, and so well that, after accidentally hearing them sing, a member of the firm offered to pay the salary of a trained teacher. A brass

band, composed of men in the same factory, took the prize in a contest with twenty competing bands. Where there is a piano in the recreation room a dance or concert brightens the noon hour. Picnics and vacation camping parties in summer take the place of dances and match ball games in winter. The saloons have found a powerful rival in the latter, for practice at noon leaves little time and less inclination for beer or other stimulants.

Dublin, Ireland, Pittsburg and New York may boast the distinction of roof gardens for employes. It is queer that roofs are not more frequently used in cities where it is so difficult to make any kind of improvement without great expense. For very little the roof of the average factory could be made a joy forever and a great safeguard by keeping young people from idling in the streets at noon.

Where a business is of sufficient magnitude to require a force of hundreds of

employés, a firm will buy acreage property accessible to a large city, which becomes an outlet for its product, and build a town outright, erecting factory buildings, cottage homes, schools, churches, stores, in fact, making every provision for a self-contained community.

One of the oldest, most attractive industrial towns is in England. Architecturally beautiful, with well-paved streets shaded by grand old trees, having its own churches, schools, public baths, swimming pool, theater, restaurant, postoffice, shops, but no saloons, it is as pleasant a place to live as can be found anywhere in the world. Wages are equal to those paid in other factories of its class, while rents are much lower, ranging from seventy-five cents to one

dollar and seventy-five cents a week for a cottage of four to six rooms, with improvements. A man and his family may live here and find all that is needed for support, health and happiness right at his door.

American industrial towns are neither so large nor quite so attractive as those across the water, but there are more of them. They have been built from Massachusetts to Texas, in greater numbers, however, in the Eastern and Southern states. The largest single industrial betterment enterprise, nevertheless, is a coal and iron company whose camps are scattered through more than one Western state, each camp forming an independent village.

And how is it possible for business men, engrossed in managerial affairs,



WINNERS OF PRIZES IN THE PRIZE-VEGETABLE GROWING OF THE BOYS' GARDEN MAINTAINED BY ONE LARGE INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION

The tanned faces and bodies made healthy by out-door work are witnesses to the value of the plan

personally to engage in social service on such a gigantic scale? The answer is: they don't. Long ago it was found desirable to place the work of factory improvement in the hands of a salaried official called the social secretary. This person, a man where men are employed, a woman where girls are in question, serves as a point of contact between the firm and the workers, supervising what may be called the domestic department of factory life to see that abuses which arise because of carelessness or other causes are corrected; that the man or woman has every chance for doing work in such a way as to deserve advancement and to see that it comes; to protect the firm from the wastefulness of keeping on the pay roll those who fail to give a day's work for a day's pay, in some cases adjusting salaries according to capacity. Not in the least in the nature of a spy, the social secretary is concerned purely with the business of insuring fair play for both sides, more particularly from the employes' viewpoint.

Firms which employ such a person find the social secretary worth every cent of the good salary commanded.

It is easy to see the advantage of industrial betterment to the individual; it is equally beneficial to the community. Whereas the old-time factory was an eyesore, depreciating the value of adjacent property, the modern manufac-

turing plant is a decided gain for the neighborhood. With buildings covered with vines, harsh outlines hidden by shrubbery and beds of bright flowers, surrounded by smooth, well-kept lawns, such a factory is a triumph of the landscape gardener's art, an unconscious influence upon those within its walls and the chance passer-by along the street.

Even children of the workers are included in plans for social service; playgrounds for their use and for the children of the neighborhood are not uncommon, and boys' gardens are a never-failing delight to the small gardeners privileged to claim them as their own. In order that lessons learned from the garden teachers may bear fruit in everyday life, prizes are given for the best kept front and back yards, at home.

Wage-earners are better off to-day than they have ever been since the world began, for, in spite of many evils the factory has brought in its train, it is far and away ahead of the old-time system of home work. It is true that factory workers have suffered in the past, and some do still, for it takes a long time for humankind to see that unselfishness pays and that selfishness never does. The most successful men now realize this truth, and every day new names are added to the long list of those who not only profess, but practise, social service in business.



MODEL COTTAGES  
BUILT FOR EMPLOYEES

# THE SECRET CHAMPIONS

By LILY A. LONG

Author of "A Squire of Low Degree," etc.

THERE is more wickedness in this world than good people like to believe, and there is more hidden power working for good than wicked people ever guess. Sometimes, though not often, the fight between the two forces comes out in the open, and then mortals, if they are not struck blind by the sight, may learn what puppets they are in the great battle which has been raged since the world began.

In the year 1874 the Merry Anne Mine, which lies in Montana, near the Black Butte, was tied up by as desperate a strike as any in the desperate history of that tumultuous region. "Shorter hours and more pay" was the official claim; but the real trouble—and all knew it—was the bad blood between Superintendent Kennedy and the men. Kennedy was mean with the meanness of a petty soul which by the accident of events has been placed in a position of authority, and he was too shortsighted to realize that such meanness would not pay—even in the coin of authority. So he browbeat and bullied the men, and the men cheated when they could and sulked when they couldn't, and the bitterness grew till when a strike was called it came as a welcome relief. It gave vent to the seething hate on both sides.

It was therefore with a very ill-humor that on the tenth day of the strike Kennedy received, by a special messenger from the owners, a letter directing him peremptorily to make certain concessions to the strikers which would have the effect of bringing them all back. He wanted to see them punished. To announce to them that they were to have their own way, after he had sworn for ten days that the company would not

yield an inch, was so bitter a pill that he shut himself into his office with the letter, and cursed the strikers and the owners equally. He even reflected that if the letter had come by mail he could have suppressed it, or at least delayed it until the strikers had been provoked into some act of violence which would count against them. But it had been brought by the son of the president,—a calm-eyed boy of nineteen or twenty, with a face so girlishly fair that it had won him at college the nickname of "Blossom." He had been at the mine before, in vacation time, but that was before Kennedy's rule, and the new superintendent knew nothing of him except that he had no muscle, and that his face was like a Christmas-card angel. Still, he was the personal representative of the president—and Kennedy sat and swore till the air crinkled.

What broke in upon him was the sound of an explosion. The air about him shivered as in fear and then crashed into splinters, and the building rocked beneath him, and the windows crumpled up and fell in. Kennedy was on his feet in an instant, and a fierce joy was in his heart, even while the startled oaths were rolling from his lips. At last they had done it! Dynamiting the company's buildings! This would give him all the handle he needed. Now they should see! But as he was rushing from the room his son Tim came in—white and shaking, but laughing, too, and with a look on his face that made Kennedy stop.

"They've got what's good for them now," said Tim, shaking and laughing.

"What d'ye mean?" asked his father.

"Look," said Tim.

Kennedy looked from the window.



Men were coming on the run from all sides, and the point they were running for was an old disused shop which was drooping to one side with one wall blown clean out and a cloud of dust so thick about it that it was hard to tell what was there. Then one man after another rushed or stumbled out of the dust till there were seven outside, alive, but so dazed that they could hardly answer the shouted questions of their mates.

"There were twelve in there when it went off," said Tim, in a queer voice. "They've been going there to smoke and chin, the beggars."

Kennedy turned and looked at him. "You fool!" he said hoarsely, and he laid his hands upon the boy's shoulders as though he would crush him in his grasp. "Oh, you fool!"

At that moment the door burst open and "Blossom" rushed in, his face white with horror.

"He did it," he cried, pointing an accusing finger at Tim. "He pulled a string from his window, and something fell and exploded. I saw him."

"You lie," said Kennedy roughly. Yet he knew it was the truth, and as he looked in a baffled rage from one boy to the other, so nearly the same in age and height, yet so different, his anger with Tim for his mad folly rose to a bitterness of hate against the accusing stranger. "How dare you bring me such a lie?"

"I do not lie," said "Blossom" proudly. "I shall swear to what I saw."

Kennedy looked at him darkly, and then turned again to the window. They had carried out the five remaining men. Two were only hurt, by the way their mates lifted them; but three were limp with the limpness that means only one thing and that no one who has seen it can misunderstand. And a great groan burst out from the gathered group of miners, and above it all a woman's shrill scream, over and over again.

"Come from the window," said Kennedy sharply.

There were heavy wooden shutters on the office to be closed at night, and these he swung shut and bolted. He sprang to the door and gave some rapid orders to the two men in the hall who had come hurrying from their work, and in a moment the company's offices were barred to resist a rush. It was none too soon. There was an angry roar outside, and the crowd flung itself against the door. It shouted and battered and yelled, while Tim shrank into a corner of the darkened room with the look of a frightened animal coming on his face.

Then Kennedy went to an upper window, and spoke to them, and because he was a man whom his worst enemy had never called a coward they listened.

"Men, I will not parley with a mob. Go back to your quarters, and if you have anything to say to me, send a delegation of three men to say it, and I will open the door to them."

"Give up Tim to us! Give him up, or we will tear down the house," shouted the leader, Shea.

"I would not give up a yellow cur to you. And if you lift your hand against the company's property, I will fire into the crowd of you," said Kennedy. And they knew he would.

So they drew off, muttering, for as yet they were only mad with anger and sorrow, but had no plans. But at a little distance they stopped, and Shea talked fiercely to them, and then Kennedy, who had watched closely, saw that pickets were placed at points where the house could be watched on all sides. Then he came from the window, for he knew all that he wanted to know.

When night fell, Kennedy sent for "Blossom." All afternoon he had sat by himself at his desk, making meaningless marks on a scratch-block that lay there, and thinking, thinking. Tim had gone to the other part of the house—for the superintendent lived in the same build-

ing with the offices—and "Blossom," who was after all but a boy, had spent the hours in the room set apart for him, shivering with a nervous inward shaking that was new in his unimpassioned existence. It was with a sense of relief that he sprang up in answer to the message that the superintendent wished to see him.

"I want to send some one to Black Butte," Kennedy said slowly and carefully, without looking at "Blossom." "I must get a message to the governor that we need a company of militia here to prevent an outbreak. And I must send a message to your father about the situation. Also,"—here he raised his eyes and looked at "Blossom,"—"also, I must notify the sheriff to come here and get Tim. The men are dangerous. I don't want him to fall into the hands of a mob,—and I guess you don't either."

"Of course not," cried "Blossom." "I'll go, of course. Give me the messages."

Kennedy handed him three telegraph blanks already filled in.

"Give these to the operator at Black Butte. Now, do you think you can follow the back trail down the mountain? It's barely three miles, while by the road it's ten. There's a good moon."

"Oh, yes," said "Blossom" quickly. "I know that foot-path very well. Then, what shall I do next? Come back, or wait for the answers?"

Kennedy gave him a quick look.

"Wait," he said shortly. His superstitious mind shrank from asking the man who, if his plan worked, would be dead within the hour, to "come back."

"Blossom" went into the outer room with a step eager to be gone.

"Where's my coat,—and hat?" he demanded in surprise, turning to the empty wall where he had hung them.

They were at that moment safely locked up in Kennedy's own room, but he glanced at the empty hooks with a show of annoyance.

"Some of the men must have worn them off," he said impatiently. "Here, take mine. We mustn't lose time." He took down an overcoat and a slouch hat from behind the door in his office, where he had hung them half an hour before, and "Blossom" put them on without further words. No thought came to him that they were not Kennedy's own, or that, in fact, every miner on the place knew them for Tim's.

"Go quickly and secretly," said Kennedy. "Do not answer if you are spoken to, but run for it. Now I'll let you out the back way."

He threw open the back door, and as "Blossom" stepped out, Kennedy stopped him a moment in the very doorway.

"Remember," he said (and the lamp he held in his hand threw the outline of Tim's hat and coat sharply out into the night), "remember not to say a word if any one tries to stop you. Keep mum, and go fast—and may the journey you take to-night have no ending at all," he added to himself, as he shut the boy out into the night.

He put out his lamp, and threw up a window. The sentry who had been watching that side of the house for hours had disappeared.

"Sure it is death we are all walking toward," said Kennedy, as he closed the window. "If they kill him by mistake for Tim, there will be no one else to play informer and swear Tim's life away. And if the president's son is killed by the strikers, it's little the company will yield to them then. And if Big Shea is in it, it's nothing less than killing will satisfy them." He pulled his watch from his pocket, and for the next hour he looked at nothing in the world but the hands creeping slowly, slowly, past the minute marks.

Big Shea was in it, and so were two of his mates, Hazen and Garrigan. When the sentry brought the word for which they had waited, that Tim had left the back door secretly and taken the



"MAY THE JOURNEY YOU TAKE TO-NIGHT HAVE NO ENDING AT ALL,"  
HE ADDED TO HIMSELF, AS HE SHUT THE BOY OUT INTO THE NIGHT

foot-trail down the mountain, the three men dropped down by a cross-cut over the rocks and hid themselves in the bushes by the side of the path. Shea was on one side, Hazen and Garrigan close together on the other. The moon was near its full, and where it fell the path lay white and eerie, and where the low trees overhung it was black as blackness. But where the men lay hidden, the path itself was open and the moonlight struck it fair. They knew it would not take many minutes for the boy to reach this point, and when they heard some pebbles rattle down under a hurrying foot, they straightened up and took a firmer grip of what their right hands held.

Then Hazen, who lay highest up, laughed a little to himself, for what he saw was no hulking boy, sneaking off to save a forfeited life, but a little lamb that stepped daintily and joyously down the path. It was the strangest sight that he had ever seen in the mountains, where there were no sheep at all. And there was a little silver bell around its neck that tinkled sweetly and made him think of the days when, as a child in Connaught, he had watched the sheep feed on the hills. The heavy stick slipped from his right hand, and his chin fell on his breast as he thought of the boy who had played on the hills of Connaught.

Garrigan lay on the same side of the path as Hazen, and he, too, had heard the rolling pebbles, and had drawn close into his clump of shadow watching the path. Then he saw something white and misty in the moonlight, and at first he thought it was a wisp of white cloud caught on the trees and then he thought it was a woman and then he saw that it was the image of St. Bridget that he had prayed to in the old church in Dublin the day before he left for America, and that was thirty years ago. She came down the path toward him, and he saw the moon shine on the book she carried in her hand and on the jewels of

her blue gown that he had forgotten, and when she came near she turned her head and looked at him as he crouched among the shadows, and then he remembered the prayer that he had said in the Dublin church when there was no thought of murder in his heart. And his heart was melted in his breast and he hid his face among the shadows, and what he had come there for was all forgotten.

But Shea had not forgotten, and his heart was too cold for his eyes to be misled by visions. He saw well enough the boy who hurried down the path, with the moonlight full on the old slouch hat they all knew, but when, in his wonder that no sign came from his mates, he would have sprung out alone, he found that he was held. Two firm hands had closed upon his wrists, drawing them down to his sides. And when he would have shouted to his companions, a firm hand was laid upon his mouth. So, held and silenced, he saw the boy pass by, unhindered and unharmed; and when he turned to look about him and saw that there was no one near him, nor could have been, he would have sworn aloud, but his voice came stammeringly and broken from his throat, and when in his amazement and anger he would have shaken his clenched fists at heaven, his arms from the elbow down hung at his side without power, soft and weak as a child's.

When the three men came back and told their tale to the grim group who were waiting for other report, some who listened would have laughed but for Shea's stammering speech and withered arms, and some said plainly that it was all a concerted lie. But while they stared and wrangled, a man came running swiftly from the buildings.

"What—what have you done?" he gasped, as he came up to the group.

"Done? Nothing! Slept sweet and dreamed soft," cried one, with a noisy curse, and the others laughed.

"Tim is in the house,—has never been out of it," cried the other, whose breath came hard from his running. "It was the other,—it was 'Blossom'—that went down the path. I was afeard—"

The men cursed softly when he told how he had seen Tim at an upper window and then had learned of "Blossom's" journey from the watchman of the building, but they said little. Instead, they scattered quietly to their own quarters, and when the militia came the next day the Merry Anne Mine was as still as a frightened child.

Of the three men who had watched by the trail that night, Garrigan went to a priest and confessed, and through the interest of Father Kelly he left the mine later and got work to care for a church in Denver, seeming to think that there was more safety for his soul in cleaning the floors that men had made foul than in digging out the gold which God had laid away in his clean earth. Hazen, feeling that something was required of

him, took the pledge, but perhaps it would not be the part of friendship to ask if he kept it. Shea, who had been the hardest man in the mine, and the fiercest in quarrels, turned his back on his mates when he found the strength did not come back to his arms, and before the month was out he was dead; though that the fret alone can kill a strong man may seem strange.

But here now is the point that has come to seem queerest of all to the few of us who know the truth of this old story. "Blossom" is alive to-day, and if I were to tell you his real name it would not be your first hearing of it. There are not many in the land to-day to whom that name is unknown. Now, if the boy "Blossom" had not carried this future down the mountain trail that night, would the unseen powers that fight for good have come out into the open to protect him? A life is but a little thing; but a great soul is precious to all the worlds.

## THE SHY HEART

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Have you not known of hermits—not so rude  
But that the heart of hairy Solitude  
Did soften toward them, sometimes, and provide  
Strange and dear friends vouchsafed to none beside—  
Rare singing-birds that one might seek to hear  
(And seek in vain) through all the sylvan year—  
Blithe pensioners, to feed from out the palm,  
To hymn the daybreak in, to waft the evening calm?

'Tis thus I make my plea: if, now, some heart  
Keeps ever in its wilderment apart,  
Yet is not all uncouth—not loveless all—  
Unto that heart its destined boon must fall!  
A god of loneliness there is, who sends,  
For birds, some winged songs to be the friends  
That make their nests above the very door,  
And set the whole small house to music, evermore!





Drawing by E. M. Ashe

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbe-Merrill Company

MISS SMITH WAS HOLDING THE WATCH WHICH HAD PLAYED SO IMPORTANT  
A PART IN THE BATTLE

# THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

## CHAPTER III

### THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

WHEN the colonel awoke next morning the train was running smoothly over the Iowa prairies, while low hills and brick factory chimneys announced Council Bluffs. The landscape was wide and monotonous; a sweep of illimitable cornfields in their winter disarray; or bleakly fresh from the plow, all painted with a palette holding only drabs and browns; here and there a dab of red in a barn or of white in windmill or house; but these livelier tints so scattered that they were no more than pin spots on the picture. The very sky was as dimly colored as the earth, lighter, yet of no brighter hue than the fog which smoked up from the ground. Later in the spring this same landscape would be of a delicate and charming beauty; in summer or autumn it would make the beholder's pulses throb with its glorious fertility; but on a blurred March morning it was as dreary as the reveries of an aging man who has failed.

Nevertheless, Rupert Winter's first conscious sensation was not depression, only a little tingle of interest and excitement, such as sting pleasantly one who rises to a prospect of conflict in which he has the confidence of his own strength. "By Jove!" he wondered, "whatever makes me feel so kiddish?"

His first impulse was to peep through his curtains into the car. It wore its early morning aspect of muffled berths and stuffy curtains, among which Miss Smith's trig, carefully finished presence in a fresh white shirt waist, attended by the pleasant whiffs of cologne water, gave the beholder a certain refreshing

surprise. One hand (white and firm and beautifully cared for) held a wicker bottle, source of the pleasant whiffs; her sleek back braids were coiled about her comely head and the hair grew very prettily in a blunted point on the creamy nape of her neck. It was really dark brown hair, but it looked black against the whiteness of her skin. She had very capable-looking shoulders, the colonel noted, and a flat back; perhaps she wasn't pretty, but in a long while he had not seen a more attractive-looking woman. She made him think of a Bonne Celine rose, somehow. He could hear her talking to some one behind the berth's curtains. Could those doleful moans emerge from Archie? could a Winter boy be whimpering about the jar of the train in that fashion? Immediately he was aware that the sufferer was Randall, for Miss Smith spoke—"Drink the tea, and lie down again, I'll attend to Mrs. Winter. Don't you worry!"

"Getting solid with Randall," commented the colonel, "which is she—kind hearted or an accomplished villainess? Well, it's interesting, anyhow."

By the time he had made his toilet the train was slacking speed ready to halt in Council Bluffs, and all his suspicions rushed on deck again at the sight of Miss Smith and Archie walking outside.

He joined them, and he had to admit that Miss Smith looked as pleased as Archie at his appearance. Nor did she send a single furtive glance, slanting or backward, while they walked in the crisp, clean air. Once the train had

started and Miss Smith was in the drawing-room, breakfasting with Mrs. Winter and Archie, he politely attended Mrs. Millicent through the morning meal in the dining car. It was so good a meal that he naturally, although illogically, thought better of Miss Smith's prospects of innocence; and cheerily he sought Haley. He found him in the smoking compartment of the observation car, having for companions no less personages than the magnate and a distinguished-looking New Englander, who, Rupert Winter made no doubt, was a Harvard professor of rank and renown among his learned kind. He knew the ear marks of the species. The New Englander's pencil was flying over a little improvised pad of telegraph blanks, while he listened with absorbed interest to Haley's rich Irish tones. There was a little sidewise lunge of Haley's mouth, a faint twinkle of Haley's frank and simple eyes which the colonel appraised at very nearly their real value. He knew that it isn't in Irish-American nature to perceive a wide-open ear and not put something worth hearing into it. Besides, his sharp hearing had brought him a key to the discourse, a sorrowful remark of the sergeant's as he entered: "Yes, sor, thim wather torchures is *terrible!*"

He glanced suspiciously from one of Haley's audience to the other. The newspaper cartoonist had pictured on all kinds of bodies of preying creatures, whether of the earth or air, the high brows, the round head, the delicate features, the thin cheeks, the straight line of mouth, and the mild, inexpressive eyes of the man before him. He had been extolled as a far-sighted benefactor of the world, and execrated picturesquely, as the king of pirates who would scuttle the business of his country without a qualm.

Winter, amid his own questionings and problems, could not help a scrutiny of a man whose power was greater than

that of medieval kings. He sat consuming a cigarette, more between his fingers than his lips; and glancing under drooping eyelids from questioner to narrator. At the colonel's entrance he looked up, as did Haley, who rose to his feet with an unconscious salute. "I'd be glad to spake wid youse a minnit, if I might, General!" said Haley, "about where I put your dress shute-case, sor."

The colonel, of course, did not expect any remarks about a suit-case when he got Haley by himself at the observation end of the car; but what he did get was of sufficient import to drive out of his mind a curt lecture about blackening the reputation of the army with lies about the Philippines." Haley told him that he had seen the man with the two moles on his face jump out of his own car at Council Bluffs. He had simply stood on the platform, looking to right and left for a moment; then he had swung himself back to the car. Haley had watched him walk down the aisle to the drawing-room and enter the drawing-room. He did not come out; Haley had found out that the drawing-room belonged to Edwin S. Keatcham, the richest man in the West. "It doesn't seem likely that *he* would be an accomplice of a kidnapper," mused the colonel. "The man might have gone in there while he was out."

"Sure, he might, sor; 'twas mesilf thinking that same; and I wint beyant to the observation car, and there the ould gentleman was smoking."

"And you stopped to tell yarns to that other gentleman instead of getting back and following—"

"No, sor, I beg your pardon, sor; I was kaping me eyes open and on him; for himsilf was in the observation car where you are now, sor, until we come in, and thin he walked back, careless like, to his own car. Will I be afther following him?"

"Yes; don't lose him."

They did not lose him; they both saw

him enter the drawing-room and almost immediately come out and sit down in one of the open sections.

"See if you can find out from the conductor where he is going," the colonel proposed to Haley; and he frowned over his thoughts for a bad quarter of an hour at the window. The precipitate of all this mental ferment was a determination to stick close to the boy, saying nothing. He hoped that when they stopped (according to Aunt Rebecca's plan) at Salt Lake City overnight that they might shake off the "brother's" company. The day passed uneventfully. He played bridge with Mrs. Millicent and Miss Smith and Archie, while Aunt Rebecca kept up her French with one of Th. Bentzon's novels.

Afterward she said grimly to him: "I think you must have been converted out in the Philippines; you never so much as winced that last hand; no, you sat there smiling over your ruin as sweetly as if you enjoyed it."

The colonel smiled again. "Ah, but, you see, I did enjoy it; didn't you notice the hand? No? Well, it was worth watching. It was the rubber game; they were twenty-four and we were twenty-six and we were on the seventh round; Miss Smith had made it hearts. She sat on my left, dummy on my right. Millicent had the lead. She had four little spades, a little club, the queen of hearts and a trey; dummy had the queen, the ten and the nine of spades, it had the king of hearts and three clubs with the jack at the top. I had a lovely diamond suit which I hadn't had a chance to touch, top sequence, ace, king, queen; I had the jack of trumps and the jack of spades; and the queen and a little club. I hadn't had a lead, you understand; Millicent had taken five tricks and they had taken one; they needed six to win the game, we needed two; see? Well, Millicent hadn't any diamonds to lead me, and unhappily she didn't think to lead trumps through dummy, which

would have made a world of difference. She led a club; dummy put on the jack. I knew Miss Smith had the ace and one low heart; no clubs, a lot of low diamonds, and she might or might not have a spade. I figured that she had the ace and a little one; if she would trump in with the little one, as ninety-nine out of a hundred women would have done, her ace and her partner's king would fall together; or, at worst, he would have to trump her diamond lead, after she had led out her king of spades, and lead spades, which I could trump and bring in all my diamonds. Do you take in the situation?"

"You mean that Janet had the king of spades alone, the ace and a little trump and four worthless diamonds? I see. It is a chance for the grand coup; I reckon she played it."

"She *did*!" cried the colonel with unction. "She slapped that ace on the trick, she modestly led her king of spades, gathered in my jack, then 'she stole, she stole my child away,' my little jack of trumps; it fell on dummy's king, and dummy led out his spades and I had to see that whole diamond suit slaughtered. They made their six tricks, the game and the rubber; and I wanted to clap my hands over the neatness of it."

"She is a good player," agreed Aunt Rebecca, "and a very pleasant person. You remember the epitaph, don't you, Bertie? 'She was so pleasant.' Yet Janet has had a heap of trouble; but, after all, happiness is not a condition but a temperament; I suppose Janet has the temperament. She's a good loser, too; and she never takes advantage of the rules."

"She certainly loves a straight game," reflected the colonel. "I confess I don't like the kind of woman that is always grabbing a trick if some one plays out of the wrong hand."

He said something of the kind to Millicent; obtaining but scant sympathy in that quarter. "She's deep, Bertie; I told

you that," was the only reply, "but I'm watching. I have reason for my feeling."

"Maybe you have been misinformed," ventured her brother-in-law with proper meekness.

"Not at all," retorted she sharply, "I happen to know that she worked against me with the Daughters."

"Daughters," the colonel repeated inanely, "your daughters?"

"Certainly not! The Daughters of the Revolution."

"It's a mighty fine society, that; did a lot during the Spanish war. And you are the state president, aren't you?"

"No, Rupert," returned Mrs. Melville with dignity, "I am no longer state regent. By methods that would shame the most hardened men politicians I was defeated; why! didn't you read about it?"

"You know I only came back from the Philippines in December."

"It was in all the Chicago papers. I was interviewed myself. I assure you the other candidates (there were two) tried the very *lowest* political methods. Melville said it was scandalous. There were at least three luncheons given against me. It wasn't the congress, it was the lobby defeated me. And their methods! I would not believe that gentlewomen could stoop to such infamy of misrepresentation." The colonel chewed his mustache; he felt for that reporter of the Chicago paper, he was evidently getting a phonographic record now; he made an inarticulate rumble of sympathy in his throat which was as is the clucking of the driver to the mettled horses. Mrs. Melville gesticulated with Delsartian grace, as she poured forth her woes.

"They accused me of domineering spirit; they said I was trying to set up a machine. // I worked for them, many a night, half the night, at my desk; never was a letter unanswered; I did half the work of the corresponding sec-

retary; yet at the crucial moment *she betrayed me!* I learned more in that two days of the petty jealousy, the pitiless malevolence of *some* women than I had known all my life before; but at the same time to the faithful band of friends"—the colonel had the sensation of listening to the record again—"whose fidelity was proof against ridicule and cruel misrepresentation, I return a gratitude that will never wane. Rupert—"

She turned herself in the seat and waved the open palm of her hand in a graceful and dramatic gesture. "Those women not only stooped to malignant falsehoods, they not only trampled parliamentary law under foot, but they circulated through the hall a cartoon called the 'Making of the Slate.' Of course, we had our headquarters at a hotel, and after the evening meeting, after I had retired, in fact, a bellboy brought me a message; it was necessary to have a meeting at once, to decide for the secretaryship, as we had found out Mrs. Ellenere was false. The ladies in the adjoining rooms and the others of us on the board who were loyal came into my chamber—Rupert, will you believe it, those women had a grotesque picture of *us*, with faces cut out of the newspapers—of course, all our pictures were in the papers—and they had the audacity and the meanness to picture me in—in the garments of night."

"That was pretty tough. But where does Miss Smith come in?"

"She was at the convention. She is a Daughter. I've always said we were too lax in our admissions."

"Who drew the picture?"

"It may not be Miss Smith, but—she does draw. I'm *sure* that she worked against me; she covered up her footprints so that I have no proof; but I suspect her. She's deep, Bertie, she's deep. But she can't hoodwink *me*. I'll find her out."

The colonel experienced the embarrassment that is the portion of a rash



man trying to defend one woman against another; he retreated because he perceived defense was in vain; but he did not feel his growing opinion of Miss Smith's innocence menaced by Mrs. Melville's convictions.

She played too square a game for a kidnapper—and Smith was the commonest of names. No, there must be some explanation; Rupert Winter had lived too long not to distrust the plausible surface explanation. "It is the improbable that always happens, and the impossible most of the time," Aunt Rebecca had said that once. He quite agreed with her whimsical phrase.

Nothing happened to arouse his suspicions that day. Haley reported that Cary Mercer was going on to San Francisco. The conductor did not know his name; he seemed to know Mr. Keatcham, and was with him in his drawing-room most of the time. Had the great man a secretary with him? Yes, he seemed to have, a little fellow who had not much to say for himself, and jumped whenever his boss spoke to him. There was also a valet, an Englishman, who did not respond properly to conversational overtures. They were all going to get off at Denver.

Haley was not misinformed, as the colonel perceived with his own eyes—and he saw Cary Mercer bowing in parting to the great man, who requited a low salute with a gruff nod. Here was an opportunity for a nearer glimpse of Mercer, possibly for that explanation in which Winter still had a lurking hope. He caught Mercer just in the car doorway, and politely greeted him: "Mr. Mercer, I think? You may not remember me. Colonel Winter, I met you in Cambridge, two years ago—"

It seemed a brutal thing to do, to recall a meeting under such circumstances; but if Mercer could give the explanation he would excuse him; it was better than suspecting an innocent man. But there was no opportunity for explana-

tion. Mercer turned a blank and coldly suspicious face toward him; "I beg pardon," he said, "I think you have made a mistake in the person."

"And are you *not* Mr. Cary Mercer?" The colonel felt a disagreeable resemblance about his own speeches to those made in newspaper stories by the gentleman who wishes his old friend to change a fifty-dollar bill or to engage in an amusing game with a thimble. Mercer saw it as well as he. "Try some one from the country," he remarked with an unpleasant smile, brushing past, while the color mounted to the colonel's tanned cheek. "The *next* time you meet me," Rupert Winter vowed, "you'll know me."

A new porter had come on at Denver; a light brown, chubby, bald man with a face that radiated friendliness. He was filled with the desire for conversation, and he had worked on the road for eight years, hence could supplement Over the Range and the other guide books with personal gossip. He showed marked deference to the colonel, which that unassuming and direct man could not quite fathom, until Archie enlightened him. Archie smiled, a queer, chewed-up smile which the colonel hailed with:

"Why are you making 'fun of me, young man?"

"It's Lewis, the porter; he follows you round and listens to you in such an awe-struck way."

"But why?"

"Why, Sergeant Haley told him about you; and I told him a *little*, and he says he wishes you'd been on the train when they had the holdups. This is an awful road for holdups, he says. He's been at five holdups."

"And what does he advise?"

"Oh, he says, hold up your hands and they won't hurt you."

"Well, I reckon his advice is sound," laughed the colonel. "See you follow it, Archie."

"Shall you hold up your hands, Uncle Bertie?" asked Archie.

"Much the wisest course; these fellows shoot."

Archie looked disappointed; "I suppose so," he sighed. "I'm afraid I'd want to, if they were pointing pistols at them. Lewis was on the train once when a man showed fight. He wouldn't put up his hands, and the bandit plugged him, like a flash; he fell crosswise over the seat and the blood spurted across Lewis' wrist; he said it was like a hot jet of water."

The homely and bizarre horror of the picture had evidently struck home to Archie; he half shivered.

"Too much imagination," grumbled the colonel to himself. "A Winter ought to take to fighting like a duck to water!" He betook himself to Miss Smith; and he was uneasily conscious that he was going to her for consoling. But he felt better after a little talk about Archie with her. Plainly she thought Archie had plenty of spirit; although, of course, he hadn't told her about the bandits. The nigger was kidding the passengers; and women shouldn't be disturbed by such nonsense. The colonel had old-fashioned views of guarding his womankind from the harsh ways of the world. Curious, he reflected, what sense Miss Smith seemed to have; and how she understood things. He felt better acquainted with her than a year's garrison intercourse would have made him with any other woman he knew.

That afternoon, they two sat watching the fantastic cliffs which took grotesque semblance of ruined castles crowning their barren hillsides; or of deserted amphitheaters left by some vanished race to crumble. They had talked of many things. She had told him of the sleepy old South Carolinian town where she was born, and the plantation and the distant cousin who was like her mother, and the hospital where she had been taught, and the little sisters who had died. Such a

narrow, laborious, innocent existence as she described! How cheerfully, too, she had shouldered her burdens! They talked of the South and the Philippines; a little they talked of Archie and his sorrow and of the eternal problems that have troubled the soul of man since first death entered the world. As they talked, the colonel's suspicions faded into grotesque shadows. "Millicent is ridiculous," quoth he. Then he fell to wondering whether there had been a romance in Miss Smith's past life. "Such a handsome woman would look high," he sighed. Only twenty-four hours ago he had called Miss Smith "nice looking," with a careless criticism. He was quite unconscious of his change of view. That night he felt lonely, of a sudden; the old wound in his heart ached; his future looked as bleak as the mountain-walled plains through which he was speeding. After a long time the train stopped. He raised the curtain to catch the flash of the electric lights at Glenwood. Out of the deep defile they glittered like diamonds in a pool of water. Why should he think of Miss Smith's eyes? With an impatient sigh, he pulled down the curtain and turned over to sleep.

His thoughts drifted, floated, were submerged in a wavering procession of pictures; he was back in the Philippines; they had surprised the fort; how could that be when he was on guard? But they were there— He sat up in his berth. Instinctively he slipped the revolver out of his bag and held it in one hand, as he peeped through the crevice of the curtains. There was no motion, no sound of moving; but heads were emerging between the curtains in every direction; and Archie was standing, his hands shaking above his tumbled brown head and pale face. A man in a brown soft hat held two revolvers while another man was pounding on the drawing-room door, gruffly commanding those inside to come out. "No, we shall not come out," responded Aunt Rebecca's composed,

well-bred accents, her neat enunciation not disturbed by a quiver. "If you want to kill an old woman, you will have to break down the door."

"Let them alone, Shay, it takes too long; let's finish here, first," called the man with the revolver; "they'll come soon enough when we want them. Here, young fellow, fish out! Nobody'll get hurt if you keep quiet; if you don't you'll get a dose like the man in No. 6, two years ago. Hustle, young fellow!"

The colonel was eyeing every motion, every shifting from one foot to the other. Let them once get by Archie—

The boy handed over his pocketbook.

"Now your watch," commanded the brigand; "take it, Shay!"

"Won't you please let me keep that watch?" faltered Archie; "that was papa's watch."

The childish name from the tall lad made the robber laugh. "And mama's little pet wants to keep it, does he? Well, he can't. Get a move on you!"

The colonel had the sensation of an electric shock; as the second robber grabbed at the fob in the boy's belt, Archie struck him with the edge of his open hand so swiftly and so fiercely under the jaw that he reeled back against his companion. The colonel's surprise did not disturb the automatic aim of an old fighter of the plains; his revolver barked; and he sprang out, on the man he shot. "Get back in the berths, all of you," he shouted; "give me a chance to shoot!"

The voice of the porter, whose hands had been turning up the lights not quite steadily, now pealed out with camp-meeting power, "Dat's it; give de colonel a chance to do some killing!"

Both bandits were sprawling on the floor of the aisle, one limp and moaning; but the other got one hand up to shoot; only to have Archie kick the revolver out of it, while at the same instant an umbrella handle fell with a wicked whack on the man's shoulder. The New

England professor was out of his berth. He had been a baseball man in his own college days; his bat was a frail one, but he hit with a will; and a groan told of his success. Nevertheless, the fellow scrambled to his feet. Mrs. Melville was also out of her berth, thanks to which circumstance he was able to escape; as the colonel (who had grappled with the other man and prevented his rising) must needs have shot through his sister-in-law to hit the fleeing form.

"What is the matter?" demanded Mrs. Melville, while the New Englander used an expression which, no doubt, as a good church member, he regretted, later, and the colonel thundered: "All the women back into their berths. Don't anybody shoot but me! You, professor, look after that fellow on the floor." He was obeyed; instinctively, the master of the hour is obeyed. The porter came forward joyously and helped the New Englander bind the prostrate outlaw, with two silk handkerchiefs and a pair of pajamas, guard mount being supplied by three men in very startling costumes; and a kind of seraglio audience behind the curtains of the berth being acted by all the women in the car, only excepting Aunt Rebecca and Miss Smith. Aunt Rebecca, in her admirable traveling costume of a soft gray silk wrapper, looked as undisturbed as if midnight alarms were an every-night feature of journeys. Miss Smith's black hair was loosely knotted; and her face looked pale, while her dark eyes shone brilliantly. They all heard the colonel's revolver; they all saw the two men who had met him at the car door spring off the platform into the dark. The robbers had horses waiting. The colonel got one shot; he saw the man fall over his horse's neck; but the horse galloped on; and the night, beyond the little splash of light, swallowed them completely.

After the conductor and the engineer had both consulted him; and the express messenger had appeared, armed to the

teeth, a little too late for the fray, but not too late for lucid argument, Winter made his way back to the car. Miss Smith was sitting beside Archie; she was holding the watch, which had played so important a part in the battle, up under the electric light to examine an inscription. The loose black sleeves of her blouse fell back, revealing her arms; they were white and softly rounded. She looked up; and the soldier felt the sudden rush of an emotion that he had not known for years; it caught at his throat almost like an invisible hand.

"Well, Archie," he said, foolishly, "good for jiu-jitsu!"

Archie flushed up to his eyes.

"Why didn't you obey orders, young man, and hold up your hands? You're as bad as poor Haley, who is nearly weeping that he had no chance, but only broke away from Mrs. Haley in time to see the robbers make off."

"I—I did at first; but I got so mad I forgot," stammered Archie happily. "Afterward you were my superior officer and I had to do what you said."

All the while he chaffed the boy he was watching for that beautiful look in Janet Smith's eyes; and wondering when he could get her off by herself to brag to her of the boy's courage. When his chance at a few words did come he chuckled: "Regular fool Winter! I knew he would act in just that absurd, reckless way." Then he caught the look he wanted; it surely was a lovely, womanly look; and it meant—what in thunder *did* it mean? As he puzzled, his pulses gave the same unaccountable, smothering leap; and he felt as the boy of twenty had felt, coming back from his first battle to his first love.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE VANISHING OF ARCHIE

"In my opinion," said Aunt Rebecca, critically eying her new drawing-room

on the train to San Francisco; "the object of our legal methods seems to be to defend the criminal. And a very efficient means to this end is to make it so uncomfortable and costly and inconvenient for any witness of a crime, that he runs away rather than endure it. Here we have had to stay over so long in Salt Lake we nearly lost our drawing-room. But, never mind, you got your man committed. Did you find out anything about his gang?"

The colonel shook his head. "No, he's a tough country boy; he has the rural distrust of lawyers and of sweat-boxes. He does absolutely nothing but groan and swear, pretending his wound hurts him. But I've a notion there are bigger people back of him. It's most awfully good of you, Aunt Rebecca, to stick to me this way."

"Of course, I stick to you; I'm too old to be fickle. Did you ever know a Winter who wouldn't stand by his friends? I belong to the old regime, Bertie; we had our faults—glaring ones, I daresay—but if we condoned sin too readily, we never condoned meanness; such a trick as that upstart Keatcham is doing would have been impossible to my contemporaries. You saw the morning papers; you know he means to eat up the Midland?"

"Yes, I know," mused the colonel; "and turn Tracy, the president, down—the one who gave him his start on his buccaneering career. Tracy declines to be his tool, being, I understand, a very decent sort of a man, who has always run his road for the stockholders and not for the stock market. A capital crime, that, in these days. So Keatcham has, somehow, by one trick or another, got enough directors since Baneleigh died to give him the control; though he couldn't get enough of the stock; and now he means to grab the road to use for himself. Poor Tracy, who loves the road as his child, they say, will have to stand by and see it turned into a Wall

Street football; and the equipment run down as fast as its reputation. I think I'm sorry for Tracy. Besides, it's a bad lookout, the power of such fellows; men who are not captains of industry, not a little bit; only inspired gamblers. Yet they are running the country. I wonder where is the class that will save us; that to which our New England friends belong, do you reckon?"

"I don't know. I don't admire the present century, Bertie. We had people of quality in my day; we have only people of culture in this. I confess I prefer the quality. They had robust nerves and really asked less of people, although they may have appeared to ask more. *We* used to be contented with respect from our inferiors and courtesy from our equals—"

"And what from your betters, Aunt Rebecca?" drawled the colonel.

"We had no betters, Rupert; we were the best. I think partly it was our assurance of our position, which nobody else doubted any more than we, that kept us so mannerly. Nowadays, nobody has a real position. He may have wealth and a servile following, who expect to make something out of him, but he hasn't position. The newspapers can make fun of him. Common people watch him drive by and never think of removing their caps. Nobody takes him seriously except his toadies and himself. And as for the sentiments of reverence and loyalty, very useful sentiments in running a world, they seem to have clean disappeared, except"—she smiled a half reluctant smile—"except with youngsters like Archie, who would find it agreeable to be chopped into bits for *you*, and women who have not lived in the world, like Janet, who makes a heroine out of *me*—upon my word, Bertie, *je t'ai fait rougir!*"

"Not at all," said the colonel; "an illusion of the sunset; but what do you mean when you say people of quality require less than people of culture?"

"Oh, simply this; all *we* demanded was deference; but your cultivated gang wants admiration and submission, and will not let us possess our secret souls, even, in peace. And, then, the quality despised no one; but the cultivated despise every one. Ah, well—

*'Those good old times are past and gone,  
I sigh for them in vain,—'*

Janet, I wish Archie would fish his mandolin out and you would sing to me; I like to hear the songs of my youth. Not rag time, or coon songs, but dear old Foster's melodies; 'Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Massa's in the Col' Ground,' and 'Nellie Was a Lady'—what makes that so sad, I wonder?—'Nellie was a lady, las' night she died;' it's all in that single line; I think it is because it represents the pathetic idealization of love; Nellie was that black lover's ideal of all that was lovely, and she was dead. Is the orchestra ready—and the choir? Yes, shut the door; we are for art's sake only, not for the applause of the cold world in the car."

Afterward, when he was angry over his own folly, his own blind, dogged trustfulness against all the odds of evidence, Rupert Winter laid his weakness to that hour to a woman's sweet, untrained, tender voice singing the simple melodies of his youth. They sang one song after another while the sun sank lower and stained the western sky. Through the snowsheds they could catch glimpses of a wild and strange nature; austere, yet not repelling; vistas of foothills bathed in the evening glow; rank on rank of firs, tall, straight, beautiful, not wind tortured and maimed, like the woful dwarfs of Colorado; and wonderful snow-capped mountain peaks, with violet shadows and glinting streaks of silver. Snow everywhere; on the hillsides; on the close thatch of the firs; on the ice-locked rivers; snow freshly fallen; softly tinted, infinitely, awesomely pure.



Presently they came out into a lumber country where the mills huddled in the hollows, over the streams. Huge fires were blazing on the river banks. Their tawny red glare dyed the snow for a long distance, making entrancing tints of rose and yellow; and the dark green of the pines, against this background, looked strangely fresh. And then, without warning, they plunged into the dimness of another long wooden tunnel and emerged into lovely spring. The trees were in leaf, and not alone the trees; the undulating swells of pasture land and roadside by the mountains were covered with a tender verdure; and there were innumerable vines and low glossy shrubs with faintly colored flowers.

"This is like the South," said Miss Smith.

Archie was devouring the scene. "Doesn't it just somehow make you feel as if you couldn't breathe, Miss Janet?" said he.

"Are you troubled with the high altitude?" asked Millicent, anxiously; "I have prepared a little vial of spirits of ammonia; I'll fetch it for you."

The colonel had some ado to rescue Archie; but he was aided by the porter, who was now passing through the car proclaiming: "You all have seen Dutch Flat Mr. Bret Hahte wrote 'bout; nex' station is Shady Run; and everybody look and see the greates' scenic 'traction of dis or any odder railroad, Cape Hohn."

Instantly, Mrs. Melville fished her guide book and began to read:

"There are few mountain passes more famous than that known to the world as Cape Horn. The approach to it is picturesque, the north fork of the American River raging and foaming in its rocky bed, fifteen hundred feet below and parallel with the track—"

"Do you mind, Millicent, if we look instead of listen?" Aunt Rebecca interrupted, and Mrs. Melville elapsed into an injured muteness.

Truly, Cape Horn has a poignant grandeur that strikes speech from the lips. One can not look down that sheer height to the lustrous ghost of a river below without a thrill. If to pass along the cliff is a shivering experience, what must the actual execution of the stupendous bit of engineering have been to the workmen who hewed the road out of the rock, suspended over the abyss? Their dangling black figures seem to sway still as one swings around the curve.

They sat in silence, until the "Cape" was passed and again they could see their roadbed on the side. Then Mrs. Melville made a polite excuse for departure; she had promised a "Daughter" whom she had met at various "biennials" that she would have a little talk with her. Thus she escaped. They did not miss her. Hardly speaking, the four sat in the dimly lighted, tiny room, while mountains and fields and star-sown skies drifted by. Unconsciously, Archie drew closer to his uncle, and the older man threw an arm about the young shoulders. He looked up to meet Janet's eyes shining and sweet in the flash of a passing station light. Mrs. Winter smiled, her wise old smile.

With the next morning came another shift of scene; they were in the fertile valleys of California. At every turn the landscape became more softly tinted, more gracious. Aunt Rebecca was in the best of humor and announced herself as having the journey of her life. The golden green of the grain fields, the towering palms, the pepper trees with their fascinating grace, the round tops of the live oaks, the gloss of the orange groves, the calla lily hedges and the heliotrope and geranium trees which climbed to the second story of the stucco houses, filled her with the enthusiasm of a child. She drank in the cries of the enterprising young liar who cried "Fresh figs," months out of season, and she ate fruit, withered in cold storage,

with a trustful zest. No less than three books about the flora of California came out of her bag. A certain vine called the Bougainvillea, she was trying to find, if only the cars would not go so fast; as for poinsettias, she certainly should raise her own for Christmas. She was learned in gardens and she discoursed with Miss Smith on the different kinds of the trumpet vine, and whether the white jasmine trailing among the gaudy clusters was of the same family as that jasmine which they knew in the pine forests. But she disparaged the roses; they looked shopworn. The colonel watched her in amazement.

"Bertie, I make you think of that little dwarf of Dickens, don't I?" she cried, "Miss Muffins, Muggins? what *was* her name? you are expecting me to exclaim, 'Ain't I volatile?' Thank Heaven, I am. I could always take an interest in trifles. It has been my salvation to cultivate an interest in trifles, Bertie; there are a great many more trifles than crises in life. Where has Janet gone? Oh, to give the porter the collodion for his cut thumb. People with troubles, big or little, are always making straight for Janet. Bertie, have you made your mind up about her?"

"Only that she is charming," replied the colonel. He did not change color, but he was uneasily conscious that he winced, and that the shrewd old critic of life and manners perceived it. But she was mercifully blind to all appearance; she went on with the little frown of the solver of a psychological enigma. "Yes, Janet is charming; and why? She is the stillest creature. Have you noticed? Yet you never have the sense that she hasn't answered you? She's the best listener in the world; and there's one thing about her unusual in most listeners—her eyes never grow vacant?"

Rupert had noticed; he called himself a doddering old donkey silently, because he had assumed that there was anything personal in the interest of

those eyes when he had spoken. Of course not; it was her way with every one, even Millicent, no doubt. His aunt's next words were lost, but a sentence caught his ear, directly: "For all she's so gentle, she has plenty of spirit. Bertie, did I ever tell you about the time our precious cousin threw our great-great-grandfather's gold snuff-box at her? No? It was funny. She flew into one of her towering rages, and shrieking, "Take *that!*" hurled the snuff-box at Janet. Janet wasn't used to having things thrown at her. She caught the box, then she rang the bell. 'Thank you very much,' says Janet; and when old Aunt Phrosie came, she handed the snuff-box to her, saying it had just been given to her as a present. But she sent it that same day to one of the sisters. There was never anything else thrown at her, I can tell you."

They found a wonderful sunset on the bay when San Francisco was reached. Still in her golden humor, as they rattled over the cobblestones of the picturesque streets to the Palace Hotel, Mrs. Winter told anecdotes of Robert Louis Stevenson, obtained from a friend who had known his mother. Mrs. Winter had chosen the Palace in preference to the St. Francis, to Mrs. Melville's high disgust. "She thinks it more typical," sneered Millicent; "myself, I prefer cleanliness and comfort to types."

Their rooms were waiting for them and two bellboys ushered Mrs. Winter into her suite. Randall was lodged on the same floor, and Mrs. Melville, who was to spend a few days with her aunt on the latter's invitation, was on a lower floor. The colonel had begged to have Archie next to him; and he examined the quarters with approbation. His own room was the last of the suite; to the right hand, between his room and Archie's, was their bath; then the parlor of Mrs. Winter's suite next her room and bath, and last, to the right, Miss Smith's room. The colonel not only

tried the lock, but shot the bolt on his outer door. Archie was sitting by the window looking out on the street; only the oval of his soft boyish cheek showed. The colonel went by him to the parlor beyond, where he encountered his aunt, her hands full of gay postal cards.

"*Souvenirs de voyage*," she answered his glance; "I am going to post them."

"Can't I take them for you?"

"No, thanks, I want the exercise."

"May I go with you?"

"Indeed, no. My dear Bertie, I'm only aged, I'm not infirm."

"You will *never* be aged," responded the colonel gallantly. He turned away and walked along the loggia which looked down into the great court of the hotel. Millicent was approaching him; Millicent in something of a temper. Her room was hideously draughty and she could not get any one, although she had rung and telephoned to the office

and tried every device which was effectual in a well-conducted hotel; but this, she concluded, bitterly, was not well conducted; it was only typical.

"There's a lovely fire in Aunt Rebecca's parlor," soothed the colonel; "come in there."

Afterward it seemed to him that this whole interview with Millicent could not have occupied more than four minutes; that it was not more than seven minutes since he had seen Archie's shapely curly head against the curtain fall of the window.

But when he opened the door, Miss Smith came towards them. "Is Archie with Aunt Rebecca?" said she.

The colonel answered that he had left him in the parlor; perhaps he had stepped into his own room.

But neither in Archie's nor the colonel's nor in any room of the party could they find the boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## IN THE WAGON SHOPS

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

Clank upon clank, the sledges' might,  
The flutter of an oily flame,  
A floor of earth as black as night—  
A sorry place to cage and tame  
This sullen 'prentice-lad, new-caught  
From the fields, and sickened at the thought  
Of their clean charm, so foul he finds his trade!  
Yet some fair thing has made  
His dogged hammer slip,  
A whistle crimp his lip—  
Mayhap the sky, through some blank frame  
A blue no country-blue could shame;  
Or, reared against the stone,  
A thread of vine, new-grown,  
That lifts three cool pink faces to his own.

# THE BLAZE AT BEESON'S

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE case may be stated briefly as follows:

Abe Beeson had a country store in Arkansas.

Abe Beeson carried insurance to the amount of three thousand dollars, divided equally among three companies.

Abe Beeson's idea of insurance was that, in case of fire from any cause, he was entitled to three thousand dollars cash at once, but that insurance companies would always try to beat a man out of what was due him.

Abe Beeson's business was so poor that he several times mentioned his determination to "pull up and move on."

Abe Beeson's store burned.

Abe Beeson made immediate demand for the payment of three thousand dollars, and incidentally remarked that he was not to be "bluffed out of anything that was coming to him."

This being the situation, according to report, it was only natural that each of the three companies should send a man to investigate.

But Abe Beeson did not recognize the right of anybody to investigate his acts, and this was one of his acts. He merely wanted the money.

Abe met the first man to arrive.

The store had been in a little cluster of houses, some miles from any railroad, and Abe's home was a short distance beyond the cluster. The man thought he would drive to the home first and see Abe, but Abe, seeing him coming, walked down the road to meet him.

"Lookin' foh me?" asked Abe softly.

"Are you Mr. Beeson?"

"No," replied Abe, "I ain't Misteh Beeson; I'm Abe Beeson."

Abe had a soft southern accent that was very deceptive; it gave an impression of mildness and tractability. The

adjuster decided that he would get right out of his buggy and talk the matter over.

"Don't reckon I'd do that," Abe remarked.

"Do what?"

"Git outen the buggy."

"Why not?"

"Yeh may want to git along in a hurry. What yeh down heah foh?"

"I was sent down to see about the fire."

"It's seen about a'ready," said Abe. "Yeh want to go back, 'less yeh got the cash."

"Cash? Certainly not. I came to investigate."

"Yeh want to go back," repeated Abe, and he shifted the gun he was carrying so that the adjuster found himself looking into the muzzle. It was done carelessly, the gun resting easily across one arm, but, accompanied by a slight turn of the body, it had the effect of putting the adjuster directly in front of it.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed, started.

"Yeh want to go back—quick," said Abe.

Something in the tone led the adjuster to turn his horse without further question. It was menacing without being loud or angry.

"I'll be sittin' heah," said Abe, taking a seat on a stone beside the road. "If yeh stop, I'll plunk yeh. If yeh come back, I'll plunk yeh. When yeh get the money ready let me know."

The adjuster went by the scene of the fire without stopping. Abe was sitting back there in the road with the gun across his knees.

The second adjuster to arrive, having no knowledge of the experience of the first, stopped at the site of the store.

No sooner had he done so, however, than he saw a man come loping down the road, carrying a gun. Still, his quick eye caught conclusive evidences of arson. Kerosene had been used beyond question, and a pile of charred rags showed where the fire had started.

"I don't reckon I'd do that," said the man with the gun.

"Why, I came down to adjust the loss on this," explained the insurance man.

"The a'justin' has all been done," said Abe, he being the man with the gun. "I done it myself."

"But we—"

"Git out!" ordered Abe, with a sharpness unusual, and the adjuster hastily retired from the ruins.

"But, my dear sir—"

"Don't reckon yeh need stop," interrupted Abe. "I know yeh, an' I know what yeh want. Yeh want to fix things so yeh needn't pay the money, but yeh can't. I'll watch yeh go down the road."

With his rifle across his knees he watched this man disappear as he had the other.

Just what Abe's ideas and plans were no one but Abe knew. He acted as if he expected some one to come waving three thousand dollars in cash over his head as a guarantee of good faith. Or possibly he expected a check to be sent without question. Abe's store-keeping had not been of a nature to give him much to do with checks, but he knew what they were and how to use them. In any event, he was suspicious of insurance men, he would permit no investigation, and he himself was the only law he recognized.

The third man to arrive discovered this. The third man made some inquiries of neighbors.

"Yes," said one of these, with sublime simplicity, "I reckon Abe burned the store. He was goin' to move, an' he needed the money. He'll git it, too. Abe al'ays does."

So far as the neighbor was concerned, there never was a suspicion of anything

wrong in this; it was the most natural thing in the world that a man should burn his house or store when it would be to his advantage. Abe was the only man in the vicinity who even thought of carrying insurance, so ideas on the subject were rather hazy.

Abe met this third adjuster about as he had met the other two. The third happened to be on horseback.

"We don't reckon to have strangehs prowlin' round heah," said Abe, taking the horse by the bridle and turning it back.

"I came to see about the fire," explained the adjuster.

"It's seen about," returned Abe. "All yeh got to do is to send the money. I'm waitin' foh it." Then he added plaintively: "I'm 'most tired sendin' you all back foh the cash. I'm goin' to plunk the next man right off, 'less he has the cash ready. Yeh want to keep goin' now, or yeh'll git plunked anyhow."

Holding the gun in the crook of his left arm, he hit the horse a resounding whack with his right hand, and the adjuster found himself holding to the pommel of his saddle as the horse raced down the road. He looked back once and saw Abe in the road, with his gun ready for action. Then he decided to keep on going.

There was some discussion in Chicago as to the best method of handling this case. Investigation proved that Abe Beeson was a dangerous man. He was not quarrelsome; he did not fight for the love of fighting, but he settled all questions relating to him in his own way. And shooting was that way. Everything indicated that the three insurance men had saved their lives by obeying instructions implicitly when he ordered them to leave. Indeed, some surprise was expressed that he had been so lenient with them.

About a week after the return of the last man word was received that Abe Beeson intended to sue on his three poli-



cies. Now, a suit is always an annoyance and an expense, and it was likely to be unusually troublesome in this case. The evidence would have to be collected at the scene of the fire, and there were three men who were quick to assert that the scene of the fire was unhealthy. These men were not cowards, but not one of them cared to work up a case against Abe Beeson in the vicinity of Abe Beeson's home.

Then it was that the three companies decided to combine on one good man, to represent all their interests, and leave the settlement of the case in his hands. Gifford Oakes was the man chosen.

Oakes was a man of wide experience as an insurance adjuster, and he had frequently demonstrated the possession of courage, tact and strategical ability, all of which were essential to success in his calling. His appearance was deceptive. He was tall, rather gaunt, and usually slow and deliberate in his movements; no one would size him up as a particularly active man, and yet, in emergencies, he could be amazingly quick of mind and body.

"You must be prepared for trouble," cautioned Deckler, the general manager of the company that employed Oakes. "The man is ignorant, suspicious and mad. He has been walking ten miles to an express office, to see if his money has come, every day or so since he drove the last adjuster away. He seems to think an adjuster's business is to cheat a man out of his money, and he says he'll shoot the next one that shows up."

"If he's honest," said Oakes thoughtfully, "he's dangerous; if he's dishonest, he's a bluff."

"It's an interesting case, anyhow," said Deckler.

"It certainly is," admitted Oakes. "What's the easiest way to get to this place?"

Deckler told him where to leave the train, and explained that he would have to ride or drive from there.

"That's the way the other three went?" inquired Oakes.

"Yes. It's about the only quick and practicable way."

"Well, I think I'll try a slow and impracticable way, then," said Oakes. "A man never knows all the moves in a game like this until the play is started, but it seems to me the first move is to come from a direction that he is not expecting."

After studying map and time-table, Oakes decided on a town that was beyond his objective point, and from this he rode twenty miles back to Abe Beeson's. Furthermore, Oakes timed himself to arrive at dusk, dismounted and tied his horse some distance away, and made a circuit to approach the house from the rear. To come in that stealthy way was a risk, but there was also a risk in any other plan.

The first that Beeson knew of the presence of his visitor the latter stood in the doorway. Beeson instinctively reached for his gun, which leaned against the wall, but Oakes was prepared for that, and covered him with a pistol.

"What yeh want?" asked Beeson in the soft voice that had deceived so many.

"I want to talk to you," Oakes replied. "I'm told you have a habit of discouraging discussion, so I thought I'd make sure of your attention."

"Yeh got it," said Beeson, without the least trace of discomfort or fear. At all events, he was not a bully cowed; he was a man. He recognized the advantage of the other and submitted quietly, even pleasantly. "Won't yeh sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," returned Oakes. "I prefer to have you seated while I stand." Oakes knew that Beeson was a widower and lived alone, but there might be another in the house, and he commanded the only other door from where he stood. The structure was little more than a cabin, anyhow, having only two rooms on the first floor and, presumably, two

above. Besides, the standing man always has an advantage in such circumstances.

"Yeh seem to be some put out," suggested Beeson.

"Not at all," answered Oakes. "I merely want to have a friendly chat with you—that is, if you're Mr. Beeson."

"Not Misteh Beeson," came the gentle protest; "jest Abe Beeson, mostly called Abe. I'll take it kindly if yeh'll call me Abe; I answeh to it betteh. I 'most fo'get Beeson."

"All right, Abe," said Oakes, still watchful, but a little more at ease, for the man did not seem to be as dangerous as he was painted. "I came to see you about your insurance."

"I thought yeh was one of them damn skunks," remarked Abe pleasantly.

"Better go slow," cautioned Oakes. "That's no way to get the matter adjusted."

"A'justed," repeated Abe. "I got the insurance papehs, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"An' ever'thing's gone, ain't it?"

"I guess there's no doubt about that."

"Then pay me."

"Please keep still, Mr. Beeson," cautioned Oakes, detecting a movement that seemed like a preparation to spring for the gun.

"Abe," corrected Beeson.

"Well, Abe, then. After what I've heard of you I can't afford to take any chances." Still, the man's soft manner of speech and the entire absence of braggadoccio had its effect, and Oakes was really less cautious than when he entered. "Now, Abe," he added, with an abruptness that he hoped would prove disconcerting, "you burned that store yourself."

"Well?" said Abe inquiringly, as if it were a matter of no moment.

"But you can't do that," asserted Oakes.

"Yeh said I did," remarked Abe. "If I did, I could, couldn't I?"

Oakes found that he was the disconcerted one.

"I mean," he explained, "that you can't collect insurance on a building that you burn yourself."

"Can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what yeh take my money foh? What do I git? What's the use of insurin' at all?"

The man was in earnest, and Oakes decided then that it was a case of ignorance and not of attempted fraud. He believed he had a right to burn his building and get the money for it, and this doubtless led in a measure to his suspicion of the investigators. There was nothing to investigate. Consequently Oakes was considerate enough to explain the matter carefully—going over the terms and showing how impossible it would be for companies to do business on the basis suggested.

"Arson is a crime," he said in conclusion, "and a man may not profit by his own criminal act."

"Then yeh don't pay me at all?" asked Abe, seemingly bewildered.

"Well, I'll give you a dollar apiece for the policies and a receipt in full," replied Oakes. "That will pay you for your trouble in signing a release. But I want those policies, and I want them now."

"Will yeh show me where it says all yeh've talked?" inquired Abe, humbly. "I ain't never read all it says. I read hard."

"Certainly, I'll show you," returned Oakes. "I want you to understand that we're perfectly straight in this matter."

Abe reached slowly into his inside pocket, and Oakes was instantly alert. His revolver covered Abe, and his eyes followed every motion.

"Don't reach for anything else," he cautioned. "I'll shoot at the first false motion."

"I know yeh will," returned Abe. "That's why I'm goin' slow."

Very deliberately he drew out the

three policies and dropped them on the table beside which he had been sitting.

"Show me," he said.

Holding his revolver in his right hand, Oakes opened one of the policies with his left and put his finger on a clause. Abe bent over it, knitted his brows and slowly spelled out the words.

"I read hard," he said.

One word seemed to stick him, and he went over it twice. Oakes, impatient, finally leaned over to help him. The next moment he discovered a cold, steel barrel between his face and the paper, and a calm, even voice was saying, "Move an' I plunk yeh. Drop yeh pistol." Oakes, his revolver momentarily turned away, knew that he was helpless, and he obeyed. "Yeh betteh move back a little," was the next suggestion, and Oakes straightened up and backed away, being careful to keep his hands in sight. "I 'most al'ays have this, too," Abe added, referring to the revolver he was holding, "but it wasn't handy to get it while yeh was lookin'. Yeh betteh not move yeh hands any."

Oakes's revolver had fallen on the table, and Abe let it lie there, but, alert and watchful, he got his gun from its place against the wall. Then he searched Oakes for other weapons, and, finding none, placed his own pistol and gun on the table and resumed his seat. Oakes had backed out of reach of the table, but the gun—a short rifle—was pointed directly at him and lay close to the hand of Abe.

"I know the gun betteh than the pistol," the latter explained, and then he added: "I reckon yeh don't want them papehs now, do yeh?"

"I don't believe I do," Oakes replied, "but they won't do you any good."

"It seemed like yeh prized them a mighty lot yehself," remarked Abe. "Don't think yeh'd want them so bad, 'less there was money in them. Looks to me like yeh oveh-played yehself."

"That was to avoid annoyance," ex-

plained Oakes. "What can you do with them?"

"Well," said Abe, "I reckon yeh might write an ordeh fo' the money an' somethin' to say that ever'thing's all right, an' then yeh can go."

Oakes's mind had been busy, and his eyes, too. Almost directly behind Beeson was a window, and Oakes had finally fixed his eyes on that. He now glanced away quickly, glanced back, and nodded slightly. The pantomime was not lost on Abe, who turned instantly to prevent an attack from the rear. He had thought of the possibility that Oakes was not alone. He swung back with equal haste, but he had given Oakes time to jump for his pistol and overturn the table.

"That was pretty well done, wasn't it, Abe?" asked Oakes, covering his discomfited opponent.

"I call yeh a good man," was Abe's tribute.

"Well, I'll just make sure of those policies this time," said Oakes, gathering them up with one hand. "You don't need them, for they'd only lead you into an expensive and useless lawsuit. Now, if you care to give me a receipt in full for all claims on each policy, I'll still pay you a dollar apiece for them. But you needn't do it, if you don't want to."

"Don't seem like I betteh let three dollehs get away," remarked Abe; "but I write slow. Tell me what."

Oakes pushed Abe's gun and pistol away with his foot, and then dictated the receipts. He put them in his pocket, dropped three silver dollars on the table, picked up Abe's weapons and backed to the door.

"I'll leave your things down the road a bit," he said, "but it won't be safe to come after them right away."

"Will yeh do me a faveh?" asked Abe humbly.

"What is it?"

"Don't tell folks heah that yeh did it."

"I won't," laughed Oakes.

And he didn't.

# TRUSTS AND THEIR TREATMENT

THE FOURTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

## THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

---

In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "Regulation, Not Extermination," and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "Dissolution and Prevention"

---

### MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

SENATOR Beveridge's article in last month's *READER* is not satisfactory, and yet, by his failure to meet the situation, he vindicates the contention of those who believe that there can be no effective remedy for the trust that does not strike at the principle of private monopoly. In the course of his article the Senator gives splendid play to his rhetorical ability, exhibits a wide acquaintance with industrial corporations, and furnishes evidence of his own sincere interest in the public welfare, but he concludes, as he began, with a confused idea of the trust problem and an almost hopeless view of the future. A considerable part of his article has no special connection with the subject, and he employs more words in exaggerating the blessings brought by the trusts than in an enumeration of the evils to be remedied. His references to his early farm life awaken a sympathetic interest in my own breast, for I can recall a similar experience with one of the early self-binders, and he does not go beyond me in appreciating the advantages which improved machinery has brought to the farmer, to the tradesman and to the public generally; but improved machinery has no necessary connection with the trust question. To protect the people

against private monopolies, it is not necessary to go back from the modern harvester to the cradle or the sickle; it is not necessary to abandon the moldboard plow and return to the crooked stick; nor is it necessary to prohibit the use of steam, abolish the railroad, and rely upon the ox-team for transportation. The principle of private monopoly is not a new one. It was employed long before steam was utilized or the electric current was imprisoned in the copper wire. Josephus tells how one known to history as John of Gischala secured a monopoly in olive oil some seventeen centuries ago and sold the oil for ten times what it cost him. They had no railroads then, but the aforesaid John, carrying the oil in two goat-skins thrown across the back of a donkey, was able to corner the market. There is no evidence that he built up his trade by the securing of rebates, or that he used his surplus funds in the endowment of colleges, but he employed the same principle that has been employed for the injury of society by other Johns engaged in the oil business and by other monopolists engaged in the sale of other necessities of life.

At various times in the history of other nations, we have found the private

monopoly appearing, always as an odious institution and always as an outlaw, if the rulers gave any heed to the welfare of their subjects.

### THREE FALLACIES

Senator Beveridge does not seem to catch the distinction between an industry carried on on a large scale and a monopoly. Those who oppose private monopolies have no desire to interfere with production on a large scale. On the contrary, they desire to encourage inventive genius and economy in production, but they deny (first) that a monopoly is an economic development, and (second) that its benefits are equal to the evils which grow out of it. It is often assumed that because a mill can produce a million yards of cloth at a lower price per yard than it could produce one thousand yards, therefore there would be greater economy in producing all the cloth in one factory or under one management. There are three fallacies hidden in this assumption. First. This assumption overlooks the fact that when production is on so large a scale that the operative is removed many degrees from the superintendent, the leak at each transfer of authority finally overcomes the economy in production. So long as the superintendent can be closely identified with every branch of production, organization may increase efficiency, but when the organization becomes so large that the man at the head has to give directions to a handful of superintendents, and they instruct a still larger number, and these oversee a still greater group, and these direct the workmen, there is a waste of energy which at last overcomes the gain. Second. When a monopoly is really secured, inventive genius is retarded instead of encouraged, and deterioration in the quality of goods is almost sure to accompany an increase in the price. The selfishness that inspires one to desire a monopoly is

not cured when the monopoly is secured. On the contrary, the possession of the power which the monopoly gives is more likely to increase the selfishness, and this selfishness manifests itself in the tendency to put forth an inferior product and charge more for it. Senator Beveridge has eulogized the meat trust, and expresses regret that my "state's rights doctrines" prevented my suggesting the pure food law, to the passage of which the Senator gave so much valuable assistance. My attention had not been called to the packing-house abuses until the bill was introduced, but I have been glad to commend the bill and the principle upon which it is based. The Senator is so fearful of the doctrine of state's rights that he reads it into the speech of every opponent, and goes beyond the friends of that doctrine in extending its application. The trouble about the attempt to regulate the packing-houses is that we are treating the symptom rather than the disease. It will be difficult to prevent deterioration in the product as long as we permit a monopoly; for when effective competition is stifled regulation becomes not only more necessary but more difficult. While the pure food law is good as far as it goes, the people will find a hundred times more protection in the elimination of the monopoly principle than they can find in any system which first permits a monopoly to exist and then attempts to regulate it. The third fallacy in the assumption that a monopoly is an economic development is found in the fact that individual initiative is discouraged. There is a wide difference between a manufacturing establishment which a man has built up by his own exertions and which he regards and guards as his own creation—a great deal of difference between this and a great corporation presided over by some man whose interest is measured by his salary and who recognizes that he may be at any time replaced by the son or the son-



in-law of the controlling stockholder. Competition compels the employment of the best men, while monopoly permits the employment of favorites, though inferior; for when a corporation has control of the market, it can wait for trade to come to it. No one can estimate the widespread demoralization which monopolies would bring if permitted to exist, for in depriving the ambitious worker of the hope of an independent position in the industrial world, they would paralyze effort and largely reduce the productive power of the American workmen.

#### A PRACTICE OF TRUST-DEFENDERS

It is not necessary that one corporation, or a group of corporations, should pack all the meat in order to have good meat furnished to the country; neither is a monopoly necessary in order to invade foreign markets. In a country with eighty millions of people, it is not necessary that one corporation should manufacture for the entire population in order to reduce the cost of production to a minimum. The market is large enough to support a number of packing plants, each large enough to introduce every possible economy in production and yet controlled and regulated by competition among themselves. It is a common practice of trust-defenders to attribute every reduction in price and every improvement in method to the trust, and yet examination will show that reduction in price and improvement in method have been greater in competing industries than in monopolies.

As I shall deal with the railroad question in a later article, I need not now refer to what he says on that subject.

#### NATURAL LAWS TOO SLOW

There is a suggestion in the Senator's article that natural laws will, in the end, protect the consumer, and he suggests

the case of a wire-nail pool which raised the price of nails from \$1.45 to \$2.85, and then to \$3.15 per hundredweight. He assures us, however, that "in eighteen months this foolish business management compelled the formation of immense rival companies," and that "in robbing the people it destroyed itself." It is probably true that the trust may, in the long run, break down of its own weight, but there is little consolation in this fact to the short-winded man who can not stand a long run. The small competitor who has been bankrupted by a trust will find no comfort in the confident expectation that some years after he has gone out of business natural laws will break up the trust. The farmer and builder who have to pay a double price for nails for eighteen months may be glad to believe that the trust will after a while die; but ought we to permit such practices and leave the purchasers unprotected? There are a great many trusts to-day, and while a trust dies occasionally, the birth rate is greater than the death rate, and it is criminal folly to postpone effective legislation in the hope that the trust will at last find that it is unwise to charge more than a fair profit.

#### EARNINGS OF THE STEEL TRUST

One of the trusts which seems to have impressed the Senator favorably is the steel trust. He has much to say of its usefulness and nothing to say of its abuse of power. The steel trust is selling abroad cheaper than at home, and we have seen its stock so manipulated by a coterie of insiders that the small stockholders lost many millions in the fluctuations of the stock. The recent annual statement of the steel company shows that its gross sales amounted to nearly seven hundred million dollars, that its net earnings amounted to one hundred and fifty-six million dollars, and that the wages paid amounted to one hundred and forty-seven million dollars.

The net earnings were about twenty-three per cent. of the gross sales—nearly five times the percentage that the boot and shoe industry of Massachusetts realizes. There being competition among the manufacturers of boots and shoes, it is impossible for them to convert into net earnings twenty-three per cent. of their gross sales. It will be noticed that the net earnings of the steel company exceed the entire amount paid in wages—that is, each employé earns, on an average, not only his own wages, but more than one hundred per cent. profit on his wages for his employer. This is an extraordinary profit, and only possible under a monopoly. In most of our large industries the amount paid in wages is several times as great as the net earnings. In the remedies suggested, Senator Beveridge does not mention a reduction of the tariff, although he tells of one of the beneficiaries of the tariff who turned his property into a trust “at a figure so much above its value as to stagger belief,” and yet this steel trust, which receives from him only words of praise, has a protection of something like twice the per cent. paid to employés as wages, or more than forty per cent., while the employés received only twenty-one per cent. of the gross sales.

#### PUNISH ALL OFFENDERS

The steel trust has such a complete control of several branches of the iron business that it can fix the terms and conditions of sale—its smaller competitors being compelled to acquiesce in any terms that it fixes. The Senator has given President Roosevelt credit for having prosecuted a number of trusts, and I am glad to commend him where he has enforced the law, but it is not sufficient to enforce the law against a few trusts. Other criminal laws are enforced against *all* offenders who can be found. Why should we draw a distinction between the horse-thief who vio-

lates the law against horse stealing and the trust magnate who violates the law against the trust? The Senator complains because I have said that the principle of private monopoly must be eliminated—that the trust must be destroyed, root and branch. That is my position, and that position set forth in the Democratic national platform of 1900 was indorsed by more than six million voters. There is no question that the people understand the trust better to-day than they did six years ago last fall, and there can be no doubt that they are prepared to enforce more radical remedies than the Senator's party then proposed. Are they not ready to lay the ax at the root of the tree and say that no man, or group of men, shall be permitted to monopolize any branch of business or the production of any article of merchandise?

Senator Beveridge enumerates seven evils of the trusts. First, rebates, which he says “we have ended.” Let us hope that these have been ended, although the tenderness with which the public deals with the Standard Oil Company, after it has been convicted of violating the law in twelve hundred different cases, is not encouraging. Many of our college presidents are still anxious to secure from Mr. Rockefeller a part of the money that he has made by violating the law. Would they be as willing to solicit from the professional safe-breaker or from the ordinary highwayman? Why should grand larceny be regarded as a less heinous crime than petty larceny?

#### CAMPAIGN FUNDS AND CORRUPTION

The second evil is “contributions,” and he assures us that “we have ended them.” Not yet. It is not sufficient to prevent contributions from corporations, for where there is a great temptation to aid in campaigns, the officers will find ways of contributing that will not bring the corporation within the letter of the

law. It is necessary that the contributions of individuals shall be made public where those contributions are to any considerable amount, and it is also necessary that the publication shall be made in advance of the election in order that the voter may know what influences are at work in the campaign. One of the Washington correspondents has reported the president as considering a law which will provide all the parties with necessary campaign funds to be paid out of the public treasury. I do not know whether this statement is authoritative, but it is a suggestion worthy of consideration. If each party was furnished with a moderate campaign fund in proportion to the votes which it cast at the preceding election, and then all other contributions were prohibited by law, corruption in politics might be reduced to a minimum. And why should not the reasonable and necessary expenses of a campaign be paid by the public, if the campaign is carried on in the interest of the public? At present, in any controversy between predatory wealth and the masses of the people, the corporations which are seeking special privileges and favors are able to furnish enormous campaign funds to the party subservient to them, and no one can doubt that these campaign funds are furnished upon an understanding, expressed or implied, that they shall be allowed to reimburse themselves out of the pockets of the people.

#### GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT NO PLAN

The third trust evil enumerated by Senator Beveridge is found in bad meats and impure foods, and these, he assures us, "we have ended." That remains to be seen. The pure food law is not yet perfected, and it has not yet been tested by experience, but assuming that our present law is sufficient, or will be made sufficient, and assuming that its enforcement will be all that could be desired, it

will not settle the trust question. There are many other trusts.

Secrecy is the fourth evil, and this, too, "we have ended," if the Senator's language can be accepted at par. Publicity is not an end in itself; it is only a means to an end. The collecting of proof is a necessary part of a prosecution, but it is not the only part. We could not safely repeal the law against theft and simply require an accurate record to be made of the goods stolen. It is of little value to know how much we have lost unless this knowledge enables us to secure the return of it or affords some protection against future loss. The statement of the United States Steel Company to which I have already referred gives us information as to how much the people have suffered from the monopoly which it has obtained, but this knowledge has not yet secured us relief from its extortions, and Senator Beveridge, with all his good intentions—and these I most willingly concede—has no plan that reaches the steel trust.

#### THE VICTIMIZED PURCHASER

Overcapitalization is evil number five, and on this the Senator leads us from history to hope with the promise "we will end that, and are working on it now." He is, however, embarrassed by the fact that he exaggerates the innocence of the purchaser of watered stock. He regards it as unjust to squeeze the water out of stock already sold, and endeavors to illustrate this injustice by putting me in the position of a purchaser of watered stock. He has done me honor over much in thus admitting me to the fellowship of his business friends, for I am not the owner of any watered stock, or stock of any kind, in industrial enterprises, and if I were the owner of any watered stock I would not plead my own interest as a defense in opposition to a law reducing our corporations to an honest basis. A man does not buy stock

under compulsion. It is a voluntary transaction, and he is able to find out upon inquiry whether the stock rests upon money invested or upon the corporation's power to exploit the public by means of monopoly. In the balancing of equities we give the greatest consideration to the one who is least able to protect himself, and as between the patron who must buy of a monopoly and the stockholder who voluntarily enters into a conspiracy against the public, the equities are with the patron. Is it fair that the entire purchasing public shall be victimized permanently because a comparatively few persons have bought watered stock, when by a little inquiry they could have ascertained the character of the stock?

The remedy that the license system proposed in the Democratic national platform of 1900 offers a means of squeezing the water out of the stock of overcapitalized corporations and of preventing overcapitalization in the future. While the states can, if they will, prevent overcapitalization, it is not necessary for the people of the country at large to remain passive if a few states find a profit in the creation of predatory corporations. Under the license system suggested in the Democratic platform, and to which I referred in my article which appeared in *THE READER* of last month, it is possible to confine each corporation to the state of its origin until it complies with such conditions as may be necessary to protect the public from it. Congress has power to regulate interstate commerce, and under this power congress is justified in prohibiting a corporation from engaging in interstate commerce except upon conditions that make its entrance helpful to the public rather than a menace.

#### ELIMINATE THE PRINCIPLE

"Unjust prices" is number six in the Senator's list of trust evils, but he thinks

that the ending of overcapitalization will cure this in part, and he hopes that publicity will complete the cure. He approaches the subject, however, with an open mind, and asks if any one can think of a better remedy. There is one remedy that may contribute to the solution of the question, namely, a law that will make it a penal offense for a corporation engaged in interstate commerce to sell in one section of the country at a different price from that at which it sells in another section, the cost of transportation, of course, being taken into consideration. One of the most pernicious methods of the trust is to lower prices in one section in order to drive out a competitor—the price being maintained in other sections—and then, when the competitor is disposed of, restore or raise prices, so that the trust makes back all that it has lost. This law has been adopted in some states and can be adopted by the federal congress. Such a law would have a salutary influence, but it would not furnish a complete remedy, for when a trust has a monopoly it can keep prices up everywhere and raise them if it so desires. The important thing is to eliminate the principle of private monopoly and restore competition as a controlling influence in industry.

#### THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS AND A REMEDY

Senator Beveridge closes his list of evils with "purchased newspapers and the corruption of public opinion." The only remedy which he sees for this is that the people, by learning to "know such papers when they see them," can withdraw their support. The trouble with this remedy is that it takes the people too long to find out what papers are subsidized. The Senator is in favor of compelling the packing-houses to stamp the date of the canning upon the can in order that the people may know how old the meat is. Why not require the newspapers having any considerable inter-

state circulation to publish the names of their stockholders and the names of their mortgagees? No harm could be done an honest paper, and we need not be tender about the feelings of a dishonest one. If the people knew who owned the paper as stockholder, or who controlled the paper as mortgagee, they could tell better what weight to give to the editorials and how much faith they could put in the reliability of the news columns. I am glad that the Senator is awake to the evil influence of the subsidized press. There is a well-founded suspicion that several of our prominent dailies are conducted, not as business enterprises, but as adjuncts to exploiting corporations. The owners use the columns of their papers to chloroform the readers while the pockets of the readers are being picked, and the people are as much entitled to protection from the subtle poison of these papers as they are to have "poison" printed on a bottle that contains it.

#### PRIVATE MONOPOLY INTOLERABLE

Senator Beveridge has rendered a valuable public service in his last month's article, for he has shown how helpless the well-meaning man is when he attempts to deal with a great evil without first grappling with the fundamental principle involved. Many years ago I heard a minister use an illustration which I have often recalled. He was discussing the tendency of some people to spend their time in looking up contradictory passages in Holy Writ to the ignoring of the fundamental principles that underlie Christianity, and to make his remarks more plain he said:

"If you try to pull a little tree through a narrow gate, much depends upon the way you go about it. If you take hold of one of the branches and attempt to pull the tree through in that way, the other branches will be caught upon the gate posts, and the more you pull the more they will spread. If, however, you pull the trunk of the tree through the gate first, the branches will be pressed against the side of the tree, and you will have no difficulty in taking the tree through the gate." So, in the discussion of any question, we must first deal with the principle that controls it, and then the details are easily handled. The controlling principle in the trust question is the principle of private monopoly, and the only way to deal with the trust question is to begin with the proposition that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. When we start to consider the question from this standpoint we find that the difficulties disappear, and that, going forward step by step, we shall be able to restore competition where competition is possible, and competition is possible in all of our industries. There is no necessary reason why there should be a monopoly in production except where there is a limited supply of the thing produced, as in the case of coal, and the president has already suggested a means of dealing with that, namely, the retaining of the title in the government. In other words, wherever a monopoly is absolutely necessary there should be ownership by the public for the protection of the public, and where monopoly is not necessary there should be competition among producers for the benefit of the public.

#### SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

**M**R. Bryan takes up much of his paper discussing the evils of one corporation holding stock in another; of directors of one corporation being di-

rectors in another; of holding companies, like the Northern Securities Company; and of agreements among competing corporations. About all this I



shall speak later. But Mr. Bryan proves the uselessness of most of the remedies he suggests for these alleged evils by this statement:

"The fourth form which the trust assumes is the single corporation which buys up enough factories to give it control of a given business.

*"This is the form which the future trust is most likely to assume* and it is the most difficult one to reach. The tendency at this time is toward consolidation under a single corporation. The United States Steel Corporation is one of the best illustrations that we have of this kind of a trust. \* \* \*

"It is absurd to denounce a contract between several different corporations and then consent to the consolidation of the parties to the contract *into one corporation* more potent for evil than the separate ones could possibly be."

And, finally, Mr. Bryan, bravely following his logic, concludes his article as follows:

"The end to be secured is the dissolution of every private monopoly" (the big corporations like the steel company) "now in existence and the prevention of new ones."

If, then, the organization of industry will proceed under the plan of the single corporation, as Mr. Bryan accurately says it will, it is clear that the remedies he suggests for the other forms of industrial consolidation are already obsolete, just as he points out that these now discarded forms are obsolete.

So that the progress of economic development, correctly stated by Mr. Bryan, has already been so rapid as to reduce the whole question to the wisdom and possibility of dissolving these giant single corporations. Upon this living problem, then, I will ask Mr. Bryan the following questions.

Since Mr. Bryan uses the United States Steel Corporation as a concrete illustration, I will begin my questions with that. These questions are as follows:

#### BEVERIDGE'S QUESTIONS.

First. Would Mr. Bryan "dissolve" the United States Steel Corporation? If so, how?

Second. If he would "dissolve" it and can tell how to dissolve it, how far would he carry the "dissolution"? For example, would he restore the various plants to the corporations which owned them before the steel corporation was formed? If so, how, since some, if not all, of those companies are now extinct and many of their stockholders are dead?

Third. And, having "dissolved" the Steel Corporation, what would become of its present shareholders, of whom there are hundreds of thousands? If he would make them stockholders in the smaller corporations resulting from his dissolution of the Steel Company, how much stock would he give to each, and in which of the smaller companies would he place them? And would he consult the present stockholders as to which of the smaller companies he would assign them?

Fourth. Since he would dissolve the United States Steel Corporation, would he stop there—or would he go on dissolving the corporations of which it was formed? If not, why, since some of those companies were themselves combinations precisely like the United States Steel Corporation? For example, would he permit the Carnegie corporations to go undissolved? If not, why, since the Carnegie companies dominated the business before the United States Steel Corporation was formed?

Fifth. Having "dissolved" the United States Steel Corporation, would he go on "dissolving" other great corporations? If not, where will he stop? Will

he give us a bill of particulars, or, at the very least, a workable rule by which we can tell what corporations should be "dissolved" and what corporations should be preserved?

Sixth. If he says the rule is "monopoly," how will he define "monopoly" as a matter of tangible law? For example, is a concern a monopoly which controls ninety per cent. of the business, but which steadily reduces prices? And is the percentage of control which constitutes what Mr. Bryan calls "monopoly" the same in all industries and under all circumstances and at all times?

Seventh. If Mr. Bryan answers that he will "dissolve" these corporations until there is "competition," how much "competition" would he permit? If "competition" is a good thing in itself, then the more of it the better; and Mr. Bryan must "dissolve" until he places business exclusively in the hands of individuals, since they would give a million times more "competition" than the great corporations give.

Eighth. Or still another illustration: Would Mr. Bryan "dissolve" the Indiana Studebakers—the greatest vehicle concern in the world? If not, why, since they have put untold numbers of local wagon-makers "out of business"? Since we ought to have as much competition as possible, why ought not Mr. Bryan's policy of "dissolution" go on until the local wagon-maker of forty years ago is restored to every town, and the consolidation of the wagon-making industry into three or four mighty concerns that now supply the trade is entirely wiped out?

Ninth. If Mr. Bryan would "dissolve" these great industrial organizations of capital, would he also dissolve the equally great organizations of labor? And if competition is a good thing in itself why is not labor competition as good as capital competition? If capital should not combine, why should labor combine? I am for honest and orderly

organization of both labor and capital—why does Mr. Bryan discriminate?

Of course, I might multiply these questions at great length, but the above are enough to illustrate the point. We are all quite in earnest about this matter. What we want to do is to find out what will bring most happiness to most people. After all, every one of us who is as sincere as Mr. Bryan, is trying his best to make our country and the world a better place to live in. If people would get more out of life by going back to the methods of forty years ago than they get out of life to-day, by all means let us go back to forty years ago.

#### THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Of course, Mr. Bryan thinks that all of us would be better off under the old conditions than under the new, because he says so; and, of course, he has thought out just how he will get back to the good old times if he is as practical as he is altruistic. So let Mr. Bryan prove that the average man and woman would be better off under conditions of forty years ago than they are to-day, and let him show some workable method of returning to the old conditions, and I will follow him.

For I am not in the least concerned about maintaining any hard and fast theories, as such; not in the least concerned about the success of any party, as such; I am concerned only about the welfare of the American people. I do not care what the Democratic or Republican platform of 1904 or any other year said. Indeed, platforms are rather foolish things after all. Every one of us ninety millions knows very well how they are "fixed up."

There is a committeeman appointed to the "Committee on Platforms" from the delegation from each state. From this committee a small number of men—usually eleven—are selected to "draft the platform." Some member of this

committee has a "draft" conveniently at hand. Then occurs a hot discussion and prolonged wrangle in this committee about certain vital questions, ending in "compromises" utterly unscientific, and, therefore, often resulting in silly wording of various planks. Or, even worse, a few powerful men or a packed committee put through some absurd doctrinaire proposition that sounds well on the stump, but would never work.

Mr. Bryan knows all about this, because he has been through the mill more times than I have; although I have been a member of the little subcommittee for drafting platforms. This is enough to show that Mr. Bryan's reference to the Democratic platform is no contribution to a discussion of these great human problems.

#### PARTNERSHIPS AND CORPORATIONS

Now for a discussion of Mr. Bryan's three remedies, other than the remedy of "dissolution." Two of these, prohibiting corporations from holding stock in other corporations and prohibiting directors in one corporation from serving in another, Mr. Bryan admits to be already obsolete, if he follows his own logic, based on his own premises. Still, as a matter of form, let us discuss them.

The first is preventing one corporation from holding stock in another. "There is no incident so small that we can not reduce it to first principles," as Herbert Spencer said and Tolstoi, whom Mr. Bryan so much admires, repeated. So let us get down to first principles. There is no objection to an individual man buying out the business of another individual man, is there? And in the old times there was nothing but individual men, so far as the conduct of business was concerned. But finally, as roads grew better and more numerous and business increased, it was found that the individual man was not big and strong enough to do this business which the

welfare of the masses required. So partnerships of two or more individual business men came into being—two or more business men "combined," "merged," joined forces.

Still there was no objection to one partnership buying the business of another partnership, or even "merging" the two partnerships. That was a common practice, and nothing is more familiar to the law. The purchase of the business of one partnership by another or the "merging" of two or more partnerships became desirable, and even necessary, for the same reason that the formation of partnerships—the "merging" of the efforts of two or three business men—became desirable and necessary in the first place.

Another step: as civilization grew and methods of communication became greater, it was found that even these partnerships were too small and weak to do the larger business required by the masses. Therefore, for precisely the same reasons that the partnerships came into being the economic device of the corporation came into being—the corporation, of course, being nothing more than the money of a great number of persons concentrated into organized effort under a single management.

In other words, the corporation is only a greater partnership, just as the partnership itself was only a greater individual. One of the best works on corporations written in the last quarter of a century is "Morawetz on Corporations"; and this authoritative volume reduces the fundamentals of corporation law to the principle of partnerships.

But if the partnership should buy out another partnership, why should not a corporation buy out another corporation? They should, of course, if their directors are wise and honest men and their purposes beneficent. If either are not, then both the criminal and civil law gets hold of them. And both criminal and civil law has been getting hold

of them under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

Will Mr. Bryan say that if he shall be elected president he will prosecute men just because they happened to be directors or officers of great corporations? No; he would prosecute only those who were dishonest; or, if honest, who violate the law even unintentionally. But that is what we are doing now. Could Mr. Bryan improve on Mr. Roosevelt's administration of the laws?

I admit that if a president were elected who was in sympathy with the great violators of the law, they might escape justice. When a mayor of a city is elected who is in sympathy with them the little violators of the law escape. It pretty nearly comes down to a question of law violators as distinguished from law observers, on the one side, and a president who is in sympathy with the law violators, or with the law observers, on the other side—does it not?

#### UNJUST AND UNFEASIBLE

The second remedy, aside from the wholesale "dissolution" specific which Mr. Bryan proposes, is that of preventing directors of one corporation from acting as directors of another. I think most business men will agree that, to prevent them from being directors in more than one corporation is so unjust and unfeasible as to be absurd—and I say this most respectfully. Yet this is what Mr. Bryan's proposition amounts to. For, if a man may be a director in more than one corporation, of course it is for him to determine in what corporations he will consent to serve. The law could not successfully discriminate; so Mr. Bryan's remedy amounts to forbidding any man to be a director in more than one corporation. As a matter of practical business, however, the very ability and experience which place one man in the directorship (I am speaking of *honest* directorships now) in one cor-

poration make his service equally desirable in other corporations.

And, besides, the work of many corporations is affiliated, interwoven—and legitimately so. The truth is that no single industry can be considered apart from the other industries of the country. Absolutely every business enterprise in the republic dovetails into every other business enterprise. The factories depend upon the banks, the banks on the factories, the railroads on both, and the farmers depend upon all, and all depend upon the farmers. In every way industrial forces are related and harmonious except only when the villainies of business create injustice, confusion and discord.

But we are at war with and exterminating these villainies of business just as the law has always been at war with and exterminating the villainies of business. To prevent a man of honor, experience and ability from serving as a director of more than one corporation is arbitrarily to deprive the business world and the people of the whole country of talents to whose service they are entitled. No ukase of any autocrat on earth ever went that far.

#### THE IMPRACTICABLE FRANCHISE PLAN

Mr. Bryan's third remedy, aside from "dissolution," is the national franchise plan. Corporations doing business all over the nation should still be incorporated by states as they are now, says Mr. Bryan—by "trust creating states," as Mr. Bryan admits them to be; but he says that the national government should require every such corporation to take out a national franchise for doing business outside of the state of its creation; this franchise not to be granted when such corporation commits any of the evils known as "trust evils" and to be withdrawn whenever this condition is not complied with.

This means, of course, that these evils

are those which each administration may *construe* to be "trust evils" under a national franchise law.

At first, I favored this plan myself. Its entire legality under the interstate commerce clause of the constitution is too clear for argument. Every decision of the supreme court sustains the absolute and conclusive control of congress over interstate commerce. So there is no objection to the national franchise upon the grounds of its constitutionality. Not a single decision can be found nor a single constitutional argument made against it. But the more I studied it from the purely practical point of view, the clearer it became that it will not work.

In the first place, if the national government is, through the franchise plan, to regulate a corporation doing a nation-wide business and each state is also to regulate it, there will not be anything left of the business after all these "governments" get through their "regulating." If the national government says to such a business, "You can not proceed except along such and such lines as I lay down," and each state government says the same thing, it is plain that these requirements will conflict. Regulation by states on every conceivable subject always have conflicted. Very well! As a practical proposition, business would be so handicapped that, instead of proceeding according to those various regulations, it would find it difficult to proceed at all.

Now we are not making war against *business*, as such, are we, Mr. Bryan? What we are trying to do is to "eliminate" the *evils* of business and not business itself. And ought we not to remember that the "evils of business" are, after all, infinitesimal compared with the benefits of business? Ought we not, after all, to remember that business is nothing more than the processes of production and exchange; and just as the common law was at war against the frauds and

oppression of business by individuals and partnerships and little corporations, so the new laws that we are talking about should be at war only with the frauds and oppressions of the big corporations and mammoth enterprises of these big and mammoth times.

#### CORPORATE BUCCANEERING

In the second place, under the national franchise plan each administration could grant, renew, withhold or withdraw the franchise from concerns doing a nation-wide business. If it could not, then the national franchise might become a permanent instrument for wrongs now undreamed of. And if each administration could act according to its own judgment in the granting, withdrawing or withholding of franchises, it is certain that all administrations would not have the same opinion as to whether the franchise should be granted, withdrawn or withheld. For example, certain franchises certainly would have been granted under Mr. Cleveland that just as certainly would have been refused or withdrawn by Mr. Roosevelt. And it is equally certain that under Mr. Bryan all such franchises would have a wholesale overhauling.

And if this overhauling should be accompanied—(I do not say it would "cause" it, of course—certainly not—such constant tearing-ups would doubtless help business)—by great business calamity, and thus a president in sympathy with all sorts of corporate buccaneering should be elected, then franchises would be granted in as wholesale a manner as they were denied in a like wholesale manner under Mr. Bryan. The result of this is clear at once. Business would be so shackled that it could not proceed in any large, American way.

I put this question right up to any American business man, little or big: Would you care to continue your business if you had a certainty of only *four*



years of *stability*? If after a good deal of trouble you secured from one administration a franchise to do business in other states than your own, how much business would you be able to do if you knew that the very next administration was likely to take away your franchise? And this, too, although you have only been doing precisely what the administration which granted you the franchise thought it was all right for you to do under the law. For you are at the mercy of each president's opinion as to the law.

More than that, if you knew that your present franchise was likely to be withdrawn in the next three or four years; if you knew that during those three or four years you were to be at the mercy of the political necessities of any administration; if, in addition to this, you also knew that you were to be "regulated" by every other state in which you did business; would not that combination of conflicting and spasmodic interferences induce you to go out of business altogether, or refrain from going into business at all? I think that we should find a pretty rapid selling out by business men of their holdings in large enterprises. The only reason why they would not thus sell out is because nobody would buy.

#### INSTABILITY AND CONFUSION

Of course, Mr. Bryan knows that the first condition of business success—honest business success—is stability. For example, the whole business of this country would be more prosperous under absolute free trade if the business men could be assured that that condition would continue for fifty years unchanged and without the agitation for a change, than it would under any kind of a tariff which would be changed every few years. Of course, the government would be without revenue under such a

tariff policy; but I am speaking now of business conditions considered without reference to the government.

Similarly, the business of the country would be more prosperous under a revenue tariff or a high protective tariff if the same were to continue without change or agitation for a change for fifty years than it would under free trade of any kind or a tariff for which there was perpetual agitation for a change. Every business man in America, be he free trader, protectionist or revenue tariff man, concedes this. Yet Mr. Bryan's franchise plan introduces instability, and, equally bad, confusion.

In the third place, if under one administration every kind of corporation easily got a franchise and was doing every kind of business, both sound and rotten—(Mr. Bryan will concede that one administration that would grant franchises to such corporations is quite thinkable)—every one of such corporations would become an agent for continuing that administration in power. They could not contribute money; for we Republicans have ended campaign contributions. But every one of their officers could and would be an illegitimate worker for that administration's continuance in power, and every one of its local and general offices throughout the nation would be a headquarters for that administration's political purposes. Thus Mr. Bryan, without intending to do so, would institute a universal political machine, more subtle, far-reaching and powerful than any yet dreamed of.

How much better than all this is the plan for the national incorporation of nation-wide business. How much better the law which I proposed in my last article to compel the publication of all the facts concerning a corporation when its stock is offered to the public—the application to American conditions of the English law on this subject.

[THE SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE JULY ISSUE IS "IMPERIALISM."]

# WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Author of "Eden's Gate," etc.

BECAUSE it is good when we are old to remember that one creature has deemed us wise—especially if it be the creature we have loved—I, Karl Heffner, will give you certain of my boy's letters, which embody an episode in his life.

DEAR HEFFNER:

As usual, you answer the Fool according to his folly. But the Fool, who is hard to kill, experiences a mad desire to fling himself upon the comprehension of a Wise Man. Therefore, knowing that in the united kingdoms of science there exists but one creature which can rival you in reserve—namely, the clam—he proceeds, O Wise Man, to unburden his tortured soul.

Heffner, I am supremely wretched—I love her. Probably five minutes hence I shall be deliriously happy for the same reason. This renders your last practical suggestion impossible. As you have probably forgotten the *motif* of this madness I will refresh your Teutonic memory. I wrote you—

"DEAR HEFFNER:

I love her. What shall I do?

DWIGHT."

You replied:

"DEAR DWIGHT:

Nothing unusual. Take her.

H."

I can see you when you wrote that,—in your dusty den, a pipe midway to your beard, and chuckles of satisfaction chasing up and down your epiglottis. Take her!—Good Heavens! Could any power except her horrible fortune prevent my taking her? Don't you under-

stand that it is she who must take *me*? ME!—A paint-smeared, palette-scraping atom of masculinity, who doesn't exist on her horizon other than as a fly upon distance!

Take her!—

The very thought drives me mad. Oaf!—Don't you understand? I *love her*. I mean really—I've read that it's queer when it takes one this way, and it is. *She*, as you are pleased to call her, came out of a florist's with a maid who carried a purple box and a string. The box meant American Beauties at a dollar a stem, and at the end of the string barked a pink-bowed abomination of the canine tribe that behaved like an apoplectic comet.

When I came from under her motor car with the barking infernal machine, she blushed an exquisite rose. . . . Heffner, her coloring would drive a Rubens mad!—She's Aphrodite or the primeval Eve! We saw nothing in the Fatherland to approach the corn-hue of her hair, and as for her eyes—I looked into them once and haven't recovered consciousness yet. She could walk on the Milky Way and not fall off!—She had violets—big purple ones—and I had the dog.

I assisted her in and tucked her ruffles after her—yes, I did. These miserable hands touched her honorable clothes! There was a feminine mass of black satin and jet beside her. When they puffed off, I stood looking after, holding my hat aloft, until Bleeker came along and said:

"Hello, Dwight! Catching bats?"

I loathe a man who is always funny. He had seen the green wheels and stood and wagged until I knew it all—Bleeker

is her cousin, it appears—all—and it all means money! Money!! *Money!!!*—he had it at his fingers' ends—steam yacht, place in England, villa up north, château in France, palace in Italy, big house on Elm Hill, Big Cousin living with her, big world breaking its bones before her, big salaam from Fate, straight along—and there she is.

Now compare.

Adam Dwight; thirty-three anticipative years old.

Six feet three in his stockings.

Half Briton.

Item—One attic studio. One easel and innumerable canvases. An unhappy devotion to art. A modicum of talent inherited from a somewhere Italian ancestress; an occasional check for a portrait, followed by ecstatic delirium for half an hour—until I glance at the looking-glass, where I stick 'em once a month—the bills.

Admit, Heffner, that she might as well be on top of Parnassus with a halo of unattainable stars around her brow. She is the egregiously rich Miss Fayne. Of the above summary, however, I made no sign to Bleeker. He has a habit of tagging after me, dog fashion, and would gnaw his bone in the studio if I did not kick him out. But Bleeker is that unhappy scapegoat of Fate who persists in turning the other cheek, and it is to Bleeker that I owe the turn of the wheel which has drawn me within speaking distance of *her*, for he has brought me a request from Miss Fayne that I should paint Big Cousin's portrait. He said that Miss Fayne remembered the incident of the wheels and the dog, and hoped that my hat was not ruined.

Remembered it!—I've remembered nothing else for a week past, in which time I have lived eternity's Seven Thousand Years. As for the hat, I would have converted it into a shrine, if Bleeker had not recognized it. In this week I have made life possible by pouring my soul out to you as of old—O best

of Dutch foster fathers! Respond to me, beloved and impersonal owl, as you have done since you undertook to play conscience to that part of me which you call The Temperament.

Heffner, I wrote you that I live only in the knowledge that I love her, and that her horrible, glaring-eyed gold is the bar between us. You have replied with your customary irrelevance—

*"But the lack of money is the root of most evil."*

For cold-blooded materialism commend me to a book-ridden Dutchman!

At Big Cousin's first sitting She came and remained long enough to etch upon my heart that which was already graven upon it by pain. She is shy—for a multimillionairess—and spoke little, except about the Picture, but her every movement is expressive of grace. She is the embodiment of that eternal beauty toward which we strive.

When the door closed upon her I lost her forever. Oh, I knew she was gone—irretrievably lost! Standing surveying Big Cousin, despair claimed me. She would never return; she looked upon me as a mechanic, a creature fit to dive under wheels and rescue dogs! Afterward, in his misery, the fool wrote to the wise man, and what has the wise man replied—

"DEAR DWIGHT:

The young woman's course is commendatory.

She who will not when she may,  
Lives to fight another day. H."

Confound your epigrams!

Heffner, Big Cousin is a blunder. Nature does make them at times. She is large where she should be small and *vice versa*. She lacks emphasis, except in her hats, which are prolific in exclamatory aigrettes and interrogatory plumes. She smiles enormously and poses like an inflated Turtle. Her silences are yawning gaps, and her speech

irrelevant vacuity. At the second sitting Bleeker occurred and remarked that his cousin said she might stop in. I could have fallen upon him with a mad torrent of questions; instead, I said:

"Sit down!"

This he never does. He swung on the window seat and said there were three chimneys on the house opposite. I was so frantically afraid that he would go before she came, or she would come after he went, or they would meet and she would not come at all that I would have locked him in the dressing room if it hadn't been for Big Cousin.

"Old man," said Bleeker, "seen Phyllis lately?"

Phyllis — I hadn't thought she possessed a name.

"Deafness temporary or chronic?" asked Bleeker.

"Who? — Miss Fayne?" I asked, studying the Turtle's effigy adoringly, "of course not."

Bleeker whistled.

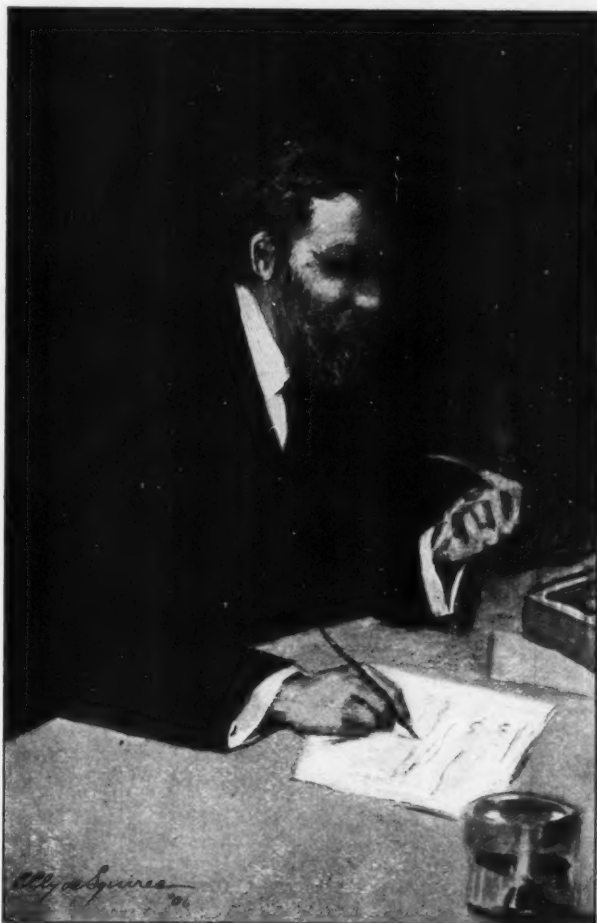
"Well, I don't know. She's struck on pictures. New thing with her. It was music a while ago—now, wasn't it, Cousin Loolie?"

Loolie! Depend upon a Turtle for a diminutive.

The Turtle assured him that dear Phyllis had taken the greatest interest in the portrait; in fact, it was owing to dear Phyllis's encouragement—here I heard a sound that my heart would have answered and beat had it lain for a cen-

tury dead—like that of Maud's lover. It was a swish-wish and a ruff-ruff, and I dropped my brush.

Bleeker has a habit of staring at me when I'm at work. It gets on my nerves.



I CAN SEE YOU WROTE THAT IN YOUR DIRTY DEN, A PIPE MIDWAY TO YOUR BEARD AND CHUCKLES OF SATISFACTION CHASING UP AND DOWN YOUR EPIGLOTTIS.

When she entered, however, I placed a chair and uttered cold words and indifferent.

"Cousin Eddy said I might come, Mr. Dwight. I hope you don't object," she said.

Before I could speak, Bleeker butted in.

"Oh, don't mind him, Phyllis! He's a bear when at work; all great men are. Just come right on. He hates women in the studio, because he can't kick 'em out, and he'll go down to Mam Knolly's and sulk all day when we're gone, and drown himself in—smoke; but that's all right."

There are moments when to attend Bleeker's funeral would be a cheerful pastime. I assured her that I was only too pleased—commonplace words, sounding like lies. Heffner, she wore soft gray, with white ruffles from throat to waist. She had violets, and a plume rested on her hair. If I might only paint her hair!—Daphne in spring meadows!

We drifted into desultory conversation while I strove to paint. She led me to talk with that which seemed to me a sweet desire to prove there was nothing of the nabob about her. Once she stood beside me to look at the picture, and her ruffles swept my sleeve. . . . She seemed so near. . . .

Then she said: "It is very nice, indeed," meaning the portrait. This was faint praise and damning, but what can one say of the picture of a Turtle?

Bleeker piped in.

"Phyllis, you should let Dwight paint you."

My heart almost ceased to beat, while she hesitated, coloring divinely, with an appealing glance at the Turtle, who said:

"Oh, do, Phyllis, dear—that will be lovely!"

I dared not raise my eyes, lest she should read their madness. Then she said:

"Perhaps—some time—"

When they were gone, the Fool dipped in the flame of his soul and wrote to the Wise Man, and what has the Wise Man said now?

"Remember that he who wrote 'All is vanity' must have had at least one blond wife."

Old man, why don't you take me seriously? No one ever does. You told me once that it was the fault of the temperament which veils itself under lightness. I'm so miserable. I didn't know a man could have it this hard—why—I can't even work—I only think of her. . . .

I see that your postscript says—

*"First and last, my dear boy, take her. Primeval methods may have been abrupt, but civilization has yet to improve upon them when dealing with women."*

Heffner, you don't understand; I'm in terrible earnest.

Bleeker came back after he had packed and freighted Big Cousin, and stood upon one leg surveying me.

"It's a Fool—that's what," said he, "here I perjure my soul, getting him a good, fat order, and he won't reach his hand and pluck it. It's a Fool!"

"If you mean Miss Fayne's portrait," I said, surveying the Turtle's image as if nothing else existed in the world, "I'm not so big a fool as I look. She can pick her R. A.'s. If she wants me to paint her she will ask me. That's all."

Bleeker played Egypt on the window. Then he said:

"I don't know—she's a queer girl—Phyllis. She doesn't often take a fancy to—"

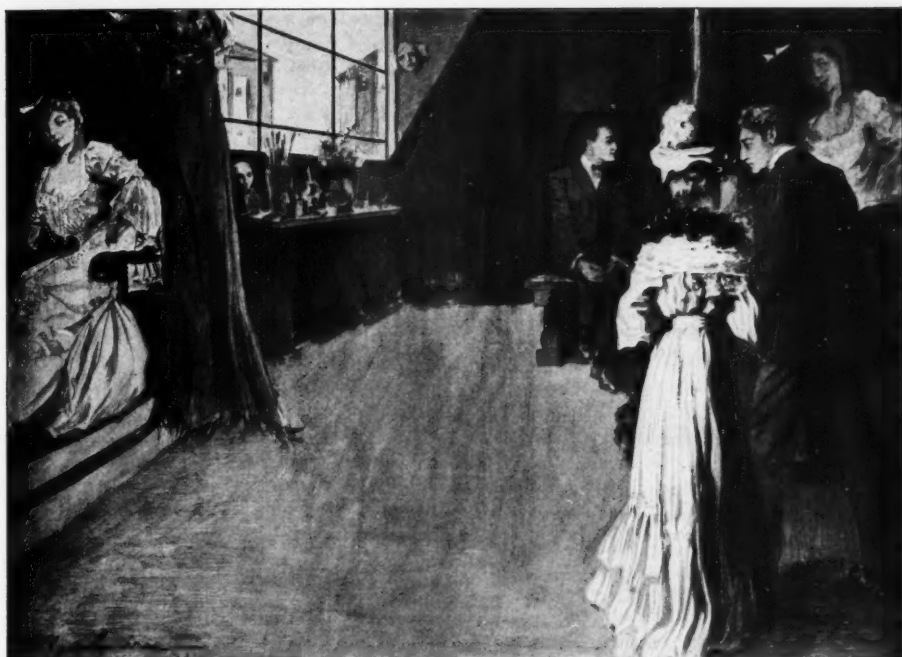
"What?" I burst out.

"Pictures," said Bleeker softly, "and she stands rather in awe of you, Dwight. She's got a tremendous notion that you're no end of a genius and all that. She's keen on geniuses. By the way, I told them we'd be up there to five o'clock tea; better go shine up."

Then the waters of wrath descended on Bleeker's head. He was shown that poor painters had nothing in common with heiresses on Elm Hill, except to rescue dogs and receive orders. I glared at Bleeker angrily, a brush gesticulating madly.

"How could she avoid asking me when you thrust me upon her? What do you take me for? A toady? A sponge?"





Drawing by Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

ONCE SHE STOOD BESIDE ME TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE AND HER RUFFLES SWEPT MY SLEEVE

"Fool," said Bleeker to his finger nails, "go brush your hair and put on your by-by coat. She expects you. Your modesty is appealing to the other sex, but will not obtain with your own."

Thus Bleeker gibed, while I sullenly made ready. Why do you all persist in fathering me? I've a good notion to cut the whole lot of you and go to Egypt and scratch heads on the sand for back-sheesh.

She is exquisite in her own house. Bleeker flung me immodestly upon her and left us in a recessed window, near which the ample Turtle sat on many cushions and reigned amiably. It doesn't matter what we talked about, it's the way she says things. She is wonderful! In ten minutes Bleeker bore down and said we had been there half an hour.

"You see, Phyllis, all artists are alike. You can know them by the way they squander themselves. Dwight's moments are gold, yet he flings them at us as if they were sand. In the same manner he lavishes himself upon a new object of devotion every week."

I turned a look upon Bleeker that should have prepared him for another world, but he enveloped the nearest girl in his mantle of small talk and left us for a brief, delicious moment together. Miss Fayne looked up at me comprehendingly and smiled.

"I do not believe that of you, Mr. Dwight!"

Then the god of the unexpected spake through me tumultuously:

"The only woman I have ever loved I loved at sight."

What madness I might have uttered, Heaven only knows, but she murmured:

"Do not men all say that?"

Bleeker broke in.

"Come, Dwight, the only woman you ever loved is in the other room; besides, you are wasting my time and opportunities."

I allowed him to drag me out and into the dusk. When we reached the studio he handed me one of my own cigars. I recalled his silence afterward as significant. While we smoked Bleeker appeared to be watching me. Presently he said:

"Beautiful house."

I nodded, smoking.

"My cousin spoke of wishing you to paint her portrait, Dwight. I intimated that you might be induced, but that your days are numbered—you don't seem keen about getting a good order, though."

"I'm always glad of a good order, and I'm accustomed to painting pictures I don't like for people who don't want them," I remarked indifferently. Bleeker looked perplexed.

Oh, come! You surely want to paint Phyllis! Why, man, Whittimore was mad to paint er—a—er—you know, Cupid's best girl—"

I suggested a Psyche-head.

"I never was more amazed in my life than when she—" Bleeker suddenly coughed.

"I should deem it an honor to paint Miss Fayne," I said, "but the truth is, I've pretty well decided to go away."

Bleeker looked at me hard.

"Happier world or commercial traveling?"

"Egypt first—I fancy. Splendid effects of—of—sand and distance in Egypt."

"There would certainly be an opportunity to study the effects of distance," he said at last. This was too palpable to be evaded. He took a turn up and down, then stood before me with his hands thrust in his pockets.

"Say, Dwight, I understand, you

know!—I've seen it straight along—of course, I know a man doesn't want to *jump* in—but—but—what's to hinder?"

In reply I pointed to the easel, the palette and to myself.

"Compare," I said.

"Oh, I've compared," said Bleeker.

"I've done little else since the day you fished Cousin Loolie's dog out of the street—insufferable cur! But Cousin Loolie's a good sort—that is, she's good to Phyllis."

I made a vain grasp upon the impersonal.

"I fancy Miss Phyllis Fayne is good to her. Not many rich young women take care of their cousins."

Bleeker wheeled from a survey of the chimneys.

"Oh, I say! Rich young—What d'ye mean? Why, Jove, man, have you thought all this time that Phyllis is the heiress? Didn't you know it's Cousin Loolie?"

Then I saw the gate of Paradise open before me.

I shouted. I caught Bleeker by the collar and probably shook him unmercifully, for he roared and pummeled me. I laughed and crowed and paced the floor in turn.

"Why didn't you speak?" I demanded. "Why have you let me live such torture?"

"Jove, you've got muscle!" said Bleeker, rubbing his arms. "Speak! As if even a double-barreled, nickel-plated jackass would have butted in on you lately! Speak! You haven't given anybody a chance to speak English for a month! D'ye suppose I thought that you would mistake little Phyllis for the heiress? And you've been holding back because you are—"

"A beggar! A fool! A poor devil not worthy to kiss her shoes!" I raved. "Do you think she'll understand? Do you think she'll see me again to-night? Do you think—"

"Give me a chance to—" said Bleeker.

"By the way, Phyllis had seen you before the episode of the motor car; she chased me all over an art loan that she might have a look at—"

"Who? What?" I gasped.

"Your pictures," said Bleeker.

I implored him wildly to go on, to talk about *her*.

"Oh, there's little enough to tell. I—er—wouldn't mention your little mistake, Dwight. She's rather sensitive and—and proud, you know. But I might fetch her down here to sit for a sketch to-morrow—that is, unless you're going to Egypt."

I denounced Egypt in every term known to Ollendorf, and pushed Bleeker out the door to urge him on to the morrow. Then I don't know just what I did, Heffner. It was so wonderful—I had to pour it all out to the Wise Man.—With all her loveliness heretofore unattainable, she is within reach. It may be that she will deal gently with me.

And what writes the Wise Man to the Fool?—

*"Your friend Bleeker is too magnanimous. He must be having his little game. When the human undertakes to control circumstances he works toward compensation; 'tis the law. Where does Bleeker come in?"*

Bleeker is a mote, a microbe of time! There are but two beings at present—she and I. There is but one universe—the place where she is. There is but one thought—it is love.

Bleeker brought her to sit for the sketch, then he went into the rear room to write a note, which, from its length, may have been a revision of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I did not fear lest she should wonder at my change of manner—for changed it was. Now we stood on equal ground, so far as a man may when striving upward toward a lovely woman. She was mine, in thought at least. When the sitting was ended I sat on the step of the dais at her feet for a blissful moment. There was an appeal-

ing confidence about her which stirred my soul and made me madly happy. She confessed that she had wished me to paint her, but had hesitated to ask it—it was Cousin Loolie's desire, of course—excellent Turtle!—Her violets fell at her feet, and our hands touched. It was only a blissful second—but I felt that she loved me—or nearly so. It was so inevitable, Heffner, and did not happen, for it began when God breathed his soul into the first creature. She must be my own—no power shall keep us apart!—

It is well that Bleeker broke in, or I might have lost my chance of Paradise by opening the gate too soon; but had a spade been handy I could have dug up the mantel tiling and buried him.

When he had put her in the automobile Bleeker returned and we talked about *her*. Bleeker can be a most enjoyable conversationalist—I have never done him justice. He had the nerve to ask me what my objection had been in the first place!

"Could I, Adam Dwight," said I, "go to the heiress of Elm Hill and say, 'My dear Miss Fayne, I possess an easel and palette and am willing to endow you with them?'"

"Have you no faith in the superiority of genius?" asked Bleeker.

I told him that the World had not.

Bleeker spoke irrelevantly.

"Women are queer—they must be mastered—at least so I've read."

Mastered—horrible word! Fancy a shell-hued, flower-lipped child of dew and sunrise caught and mastered! She is made to be kneeled to, worshiped, Heffner, prayed for as one unconsciously prays for the door of Heaven to open wide enough to admit his standing in its shadow!

I discover that I wrote the assured words, "She loves me." How do I know it?

By a wordless moment when her eyes spoke to mine.

A horrible doubt sweeps over me like the wing of your own materialism. . . . I will go to her—I must know it now . . . first, though, I will read the last page of your letter—

*"Your friend Bleeker is an astute man. I should enjoy a pipe with him"—*

Bleeker is a high-collared product of modernity who does not part his hair.

*"He reveals experience and acumen—especially concerning women."—*

Where women are concerned, Bleeker has a conscience of asbestos.

*"I entirely agree with him that a woman with money is a more compensatory investment than one without, but I have ceased to administer advice to the temperament which wields a pen, a brush or a violin bow, not because it does not need it, but because by the time it convinces you that it can only pursue one course, it turns like an irregular comet and pursues the other. The hallmark of the temperament is its circuity and its egotism."—*

Circuity! Egotism! Haven't I told you, Heffner, that my very soul bows before her?

*"If you are determined to marry this girl"—GIRL—"I must know it at once. But weigh the matter carefully, for yours is a temperament that mainly needs a mother's care. Can she be a mother to you?"—*

Phyllis be a mother to me—I wouldn't have Bleeker see that for a year's income.

*"And if you are determined, then take her, my boy. Nature changes but little with the centuries, and first or last, if you want her, you must take her."—*

I did it—you are to blame, Heffner. You unlocked the madness I have kept under. I went to her not as pleader, but with demanding hand, I fear. She was in the music room alone, when I entered and went straight to her, my hands out. "I love you," I said, "come to me—I can not live without you any longer!" She came slowly, the color ebbing from her

dear face like the tide from the shore at sunset.

"What do you mean?—Oh, why do you tell me this way?" she whispered.

"I never intended to tell you, because there was a mistake. But now that it is made right I must tell you at once—Oh, do you not see why? Every moment of life that can not be spent with you is wasted to me! Come to me—do you not know? Have you not felt that I love you?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she murmured, scanning my eyes, as if to read my soul, "I did know—and I—too"—

But I held her from questioning, even at the brink of joy.

"Wait—think well at this moment—I am only a poor man."

"I have thought," she whispered, "I know."

Suddenly she drew back, the tears making mist of her sweet eyes.

"Oh, be very sure—is it I, only I that you love?"

"As sure as death," I said, "more sure than life could be."

She put her hand in mine, silenced by the very marvel of it—then went from me.

"Give me to-day—because to-morrow I shall not belong to myself. Give me to-day!"

I waited, thinking she might return, but she did not come, and I went out into the dusk, content to feed in thought upon the splendor of the possibility. I walked blocks, unheeding the distance, until Bleeker suddenly slipped his hand in my arm—he appears and disappears like the walking gentleman in vaudeville.

"Come home, Dwight," he said, looking hard at me, "come home with me. Don't take it this way, man. There's more cure in time than in a hundred hospitals!"

I muttered inanely and went with him. When the studio door had closed upon us Bleeker threw his arm across my shoulders.

"Say, old man, don't! I know it's confounded rough, and hang it, I thought I knew her! But you'll get over it. Don't you suppose I know what it means to—"

Bleeker coughed.

I called him names and swung him to and fro. I believe I smiled idiotically.

"She's going to marry me," I said, "*me!*—D'you understand? She's going to marry me!"

Bleeker sat down suddenly and wiped his brow.

"Jove!—I thought I was a pall-bearer! Marry you, will she? Well, I could have told you that a month ago."

As this was sacrilege I froze it on his lips. Presently he took a cigar and examined it carefully, standing before me grave and strange. This was a new Bleeker. I am learning several of them at a time.

"Dwight, as the die is cast, I'll confess. There's no use a man going it blind, story-book fashion."

Then he made his infernal confession.

He had seen that I loved his cousin and had fancied that she was not indifferent to me—Bleeker is imaginative—he determined to bring us together. It appears that she had met too many fortune-hunters abroad, and it had made her suspicious and unhappy. When he saw that I would not approach her, he conceived the notion of forcing it—all in the stereotyped romantic fashion.

I knew it all long before he had ended his lamentable tale—that Miss Phyllis Fayne was, indeed, the multimillionairess. Presently he shook my arm.

"Good heavens, man, don't look that way! How can it matter now? You wouldn't be such an ass."

"Doesn't the same barrier exist?" I said, as if he had been empty sound.

"I suppose she—knew all about it, too."

He swore that his cousin was all unaware of his deception; that she—but I turned upon him with a sudden-fury that frightened him.

"Go!—Don't come near me—go!" I said, flinging the door open.

When I was alone with the mockery of it I laughed aloud.

"Fool! Fool! Did you think you could escape so easily from the net of fate? Are you not created to suffer? To eat the very bread of pain? How the world will mock you? Oho, Adam Dwight! So you are willing to receive alms at the hand of a woman? To have luxury forever! You are one of us—where, now, is your incentive for toil?"

I flung myself down, and, although I could not have slept, it was dark when I aroused, and the fire was out. . . . Perhaps it was reaction. There is a tremendous strain in being tuned to concert pitch and let down suddenly, and perhaps the soul's E string snaps in silence.

I lighted the lamp and drew out the old kit—the one we used on our last tour together—then sat down to write to her. I discovered myself coldly summarizing the results of this madness. What does one learn under a consuming passion?

The knowledge of despair.

The farewell of youth.

The silence of pain.

The pain of joy.

The blackness of realization.

Then I wrote to her, no matter what. I told her that I had been deceived—that I loved her, but would never approach her unless my conditions warranted it—that I released her from any claim my words had made upon her feeling. It sounded cold, but I felt expressionless. When it was done I threw some clothes into the kit, and while I packed them the door opened and Bleeker came in. He glanced at the letter on the table.

"Going away?" he said suddenly.

I nodded.

Bleeker stood, back against the door, his arms folded.

"Then what about her?" he said.

"To be sure," I repeated mechanically, "what about her?"

"If you use that tone again I'll throw



you downstairs," said Bleeker quietly. "Get up!"

I rose, looking at him—a new Bleeker, and it cleared my head. He stood threatening six feet three of me!

"Answer me! What about her?"

"Nothing," I said, the whirlwind being spent, "nothing."

"If your infernal pride only implicated yourself, I'd say go to the devil! But I won't see her—Oh, confound you, Dwight, you can't make a scoundrel of yourself if you try! Don't you understand! I know you better than you know yourself, but if I didn't, I'm hanged if I wouldn't thrash you!"

Then suddenly a queer thing happened—I sat upon the divan and laughed, I rocked to and fro and laughed, and Bleeker grabbed me by the shoulders and walked me up and down, his arm flung across them. Suddenly he kicked my kit aside.

"Here, take hold, man! I'd forgotten! By Jove, they'll be here in a minute! I ran around from the opera to tell you they're coming!"

"They? Who?" I said vaguely.

"Phyllis, Cousin Loolie, Count Kioskui!—here, shove this confounded nonsense away!"

He was pushing my belongings into the dressing room, regardless of my expostulations. I pleaded with him to say that I was ill, gone away, anything but available then. I seized my hat to escape, but he held me, and got out my Tuxedo and forced me into it.

"I tell you, you shall! Put your coat on! I won't see her humiliated even by you! Don't you understand, she knows nothing of this—this infernal change of mind on your part? Nice condition of affairs, isn't it? To make love to her one hour and run away the next!"

Bleeker broke off suddenly and brought a glass of wine.

"Jove, when you big fellows knock under"—he began, and the mirror told me the next.

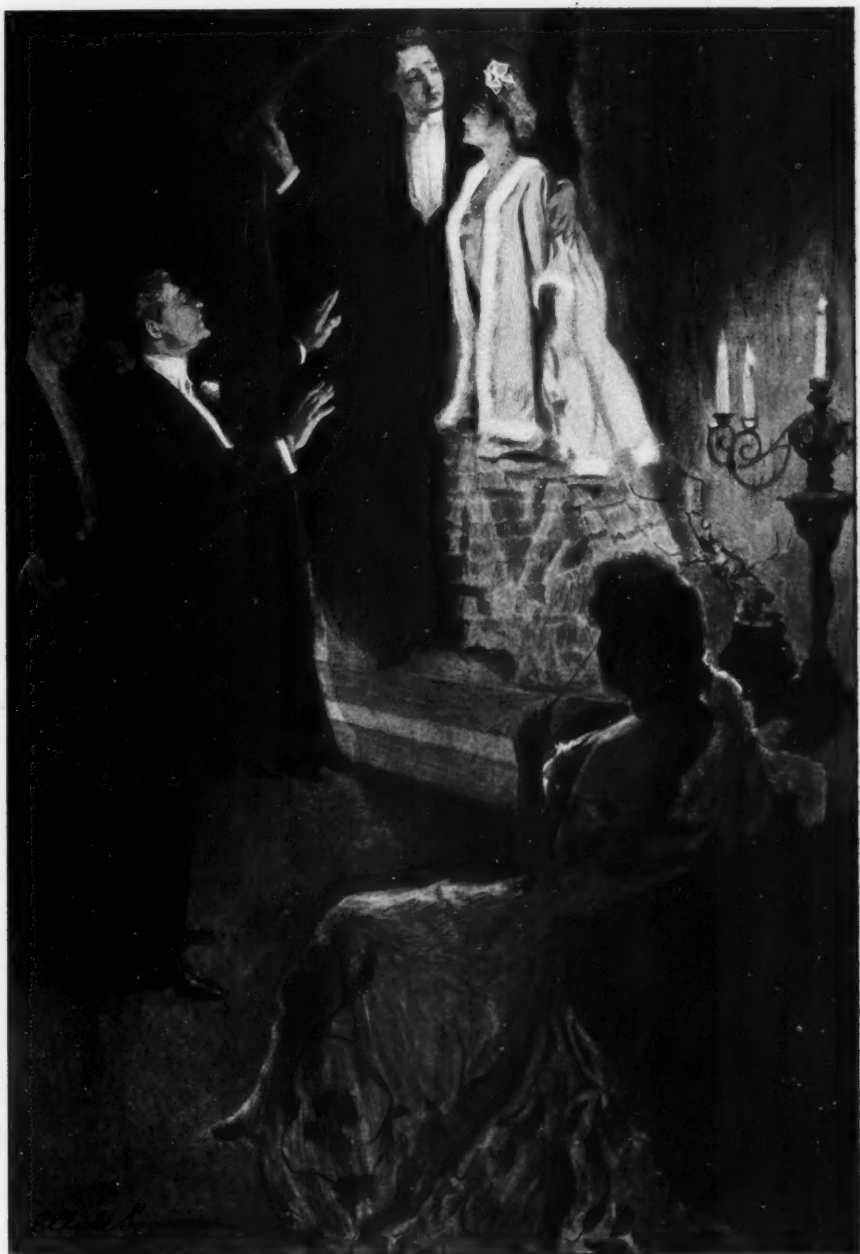
When my guests arrived Phyllis looked sharply at me; did I fancy that she looked sharply at Bleeker also? The Count Kioskui is a small individual, who takes American art seriously, and would aver that white-wash was impressionism if Phyllis said so. Phyllis was so exquisite in white that I dared not look at her lest my will should waver, so devoted myself to the count, whose capacity for receiving information is boundless. He expressed a solemn desire to see Miss Fayne's portrait, and when told that it existed only in sketches, was desolated, until Bleeker suggested that Phyllis should pose on the dais in the attitude she had chosen for the picture. To my surprise she consented, and Bleeker drew the curtains before the dais, while I arranged her drapery, thus for an instant we were practically alone. As she stood she whispered with sweet seriousness:

"What is the matter? You are unhappy!"

I told her that I would give her a letter before she left, which would explain that unhappiness, and at the same moment Bleeker called me. It was to receive a special delivery letter brought by a messenger. As it was marked "Urgent," I opened it then and there, thank Heaven!

Now what occult or Heaven-born inspiration caused you to send it? Standing with a hand holding the curtains, behind which she waited, I read your wonderful words!—words which I could scarcely believe. . . . Yet, knowing you, O father of me, and better still, being friend of friends, I did not hesitate to believe. Bleeker says that the count thought me mad and crouched behind a chair. The Turtle clung to Bleeker, and I waved the letter and dashed behind the curtain, where, for a blissful second, I pressed her hand to my lips and whispered:

"It is all right! But tell me you love me! Oh, tell me!"



Drawing by Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

SHE TREMBLED, HESITATED, BUT LOOKED IN MY EYES WITH SO EXQUISITE A RESIGNATION  
THAT I SUDDENLY DREW THE CURTAIN

"Yes, yes—I do—" murmured Phyllis, "but please get up!"

"Then may I tell them now? This moment?"

She trembled, hesitated, but looked in my eyes with so exquisite a resignation that I suddenly drew the curtains. I heard the count exclaim aloud, and the Turtle say:

"Oh, Phyllis, how lovely—like a statue!"

"And I am the happy Pygmalion," I said, "for Miss Fayne permits me to announce our engagement to-night."

Nothing exploded.

The Turtle fell upon Phyllis, who was blushing and tremulous. The count had trouble with his eye-glass, and Bleeker uttered one expletive. I wrung his hand, but it was limp. The wind was out of Bleeker's sails as I drew him aside.

"Now what's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

I thrust your letter upon him and he read the magic formula which had so transformed life.

"... I have never told you, my boy, that I am poor, for I am not. But I have chosen to live freely, even as you live also, making over to you, meanwhile, that which I possess. This has grown"—and the mention of it, Heffner, made Bleeker's eyes open—"but knowing your temperament I withheld this knowledge from you, that you should first achieve through effort that which money could never bring you afterward. Now take the girl—take her

with your head up, boy, and with my blessing."

Bleeker handed the letter back with a sigh.

"An heir-at-law!" he said. "Extraordinary how everything comes to the undeserving; but it's one on Phyllis; she thinks you a poor man. The coil remains with her, now."

But there was no coil. I confided the secret to Phyllis while Bleeker telephoned for a supper and laid the table. That there was not a moment's reaction I owe to him, and tried to tell him so in a lame way, while I stood holding the cloth and looking at Phyllis.

Bleeker took it from me gently.

"May he never awaken," he said, "he's been a somnambulist for a month past."

We gave toasts to every one, and I proposed one to you, with a word of explanation, which Phyllis answered with love in her eyes. The Turtle strove to do her part, and failed signally, and the count, enmeshed in shattered English, succeeded tolerably; but when Bleeker's turn came he gave me a wicked look, as he kissed Phyllis's hand, and said:

"I drink to him the gods love. I know they love him, because, no matter how long he lives, he'll die young—awfully young!"

And I am, Heffner; there is nothing in my soul except youth and love of her. You will be here without fail on the twenty-fifth to give us all away?—Bleeker can not be best man, as he sailed yesterday, with only a wire, leaving his love for —





# THE HOME OF THE EXILE

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

VICTOR Hugo's workshop on the island of Guernsey, where for many years he was an exile, is located, not exactly in the clouds, but almost within reach of them. Here the perturbed spirit might well find rest, or scope for fancy. It is not a room, but a sort of conservatory, on top of a big, ugly, three-story house on a hill overlooking the sea—that sea he has so extraordinarily described in "The Toilers." The divan suggests the Oriental phase of his character; the board, or standing-desk, with just room enough for an ink-pot and paper, that sterner side which called only for the simplest accessories in his work. When he wanted an even more clarified atmosphere than that of his glass cage, he walked out on the roof; when he desired a more subdued recess, he retired into a den adjoining; a darksome place, well adapted for assorting and concentrating the surging fancies, unloosened on the roof.

The three stories below constituted his

museum, and when he wearied at the anvil, hammering out tragedies, he sauntered among his treasures. No two rooms are alike; his apartments are as different as his books. He took four walls, bare, and wrought of them a fantasy. He played at decoration; put tapestries on the ceiling; made a royal bedstead into a mantelpiece, and did all manner of unconventional things. Old oak was a toy in his hands; its blackness pleased him; its rough, rude, rugged carvings appealed to an imagination that liked big strokes, whether with the brush or chisel. Pagan that he was, he tossed in sacred odds and ends with a lavish hand wherever they could find lodgment—carved church pillars and other holy trifles he filched from Brittany and Normandy. In the modern sense, he was not a collector of antiquities; he was an architect who builded with them. If he wished for an old chest, it was not to set it in a corner and say, "This belonged to the Abbot So-and-So in the eleventh

century"—but to saw it up; use the great lid for a door, and the carved sides for panels, etc. If he coveted one of those enormous crockery stoves, several hundred years old, it was not to preserve it in its cumbersome integrity, but to break it into its component parts, and then, like a great child, a Titan infant with blocks, build a chimney-piece, unlike any other in the world, and one before which he could stand, his hands in his pockets, after his fashion, with a background distinctly Hugoesque.

Many of the English smile when you mention the house; others—figuratively—shrug their shoulders. "Horrible!" "Atrocious!" They are a little bit right; a good deal wrong. The professional collector—with the Hebraic nose—would thrill with alternate delight and despair in this, one of the oddest homes in the world; gloating over the tapestries preserved intact—by chance; throwing up his hands at the spectacle of one ruthlessly scissored, by vandal hands, to fit a corner or fill a space. Here and there the visitor with a sense of humor may find secret gratification—as for example, over a tiny screen, fashioned by the dainty hands of the Pompadour herself! Fancy that light lady engaged in useful domestic occupation, making a pretty shade for the domestic hearth! It may be, also, at some time she crocheted a pair of slippers—for Louis; to keep him in nights. Who can say? If we knew, it might throw a new glimmer on the pages of history.

Sprinkled among the treasures are pictorial tidbits by the master-builder of fiction himself; Rembrandt-like trifles for light and shade; dramatic impressions, distinctly impressionistic, showing the artist hand to the finger-tips; suggesting, too, the mind of the man; that imagination which reveled on paper so often with verbal effects, horrible, fascinating: The jester, undoing the bag, to discover the face of his daughter; the hangman "squatting" on the neck of the

poor, hanged and strangling goat-girl; the skeleton that had been embraced by the devilfish!

A touch, especially theatric and impressive, is the Garibaldi bedstead which Hugo had prepared in the expectation of a visit from the Italian hero. At the head of the bed is an odd carving in ivory; a head, representing half a face, smiling and beautiful in the flesh; the other half, the skeleton—a cheerful symbol to regard just before retiring and immediately upon awakening! The mad King of Bavaria's device, recalled by the Hugo fantasy, is more felicitous. Ludwig painted the ceiling of *his* four-poster with stars. But the words engraved by Hugo himself on the bed for his illustrious guest—who never came!—offer a note of consolation: "Night;" "Death;" "Light." Involuntarily one thinks of the chapter on night in "The Toilers." The poet, however, did not stop with the philosophical and poetical greeting to the expected guest; on the wall are inscriptions and words personal:

"Garibaldi! *Le soldat héroïque*"—  
etc.

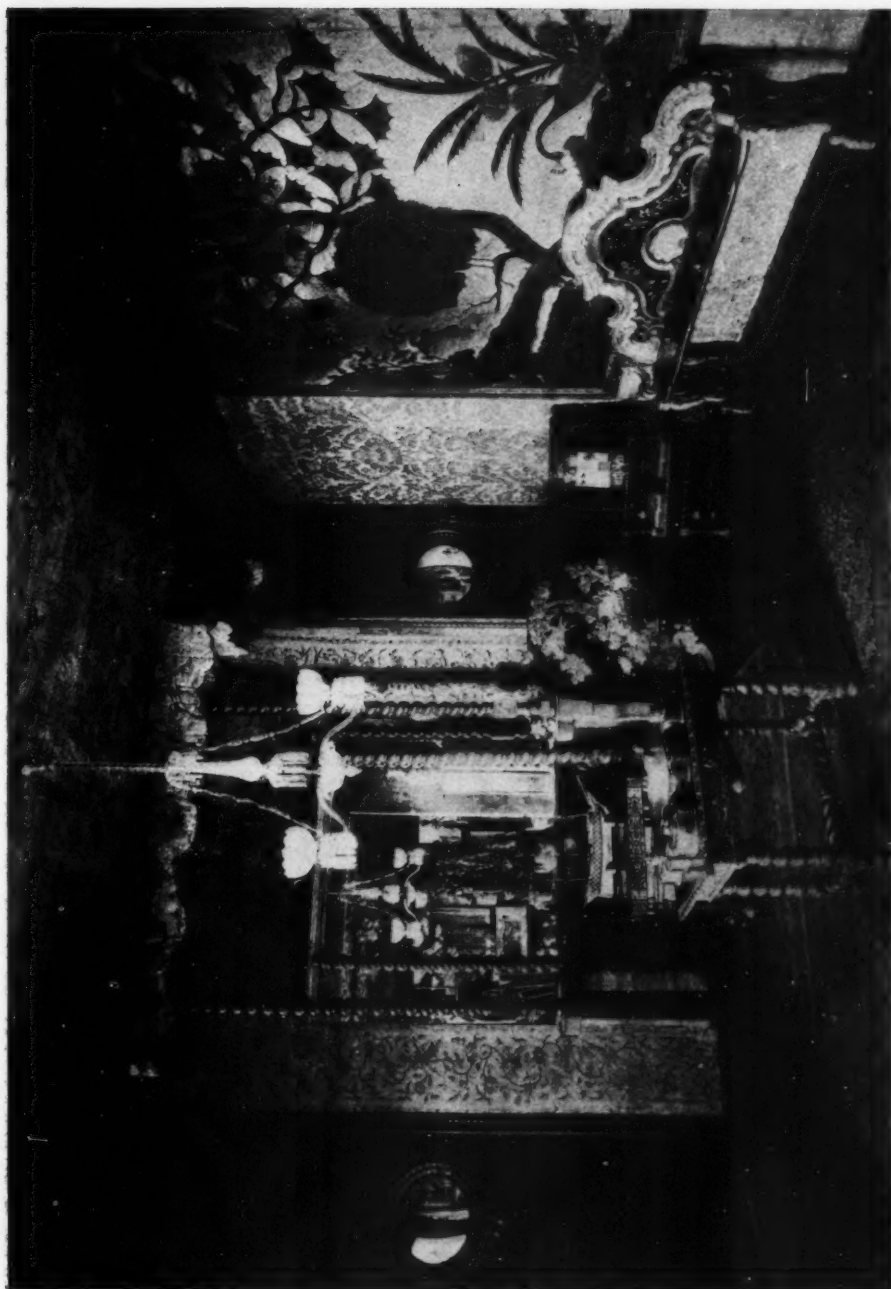
"Garibaldi, *a qui tu dressais un sanctuaire flamboyant*"—etc.

"*L'Esprit souffle où il veut*  
*L'Honneur va où il doit.*"

Certainly Garibaldi should have slept in that room at least once! The idea of inscriptions on the wall—outside of a Sunday-school room!—that has appealed to other literary minds may have had its inception in the Hugo "guest chamber." R. L. Stevenson's desire for big brass letters to hang in the hall and rooms of his South Sea home seems an evolution, or variation, of the French poet's conception of household decoration.

Not that the latter's inclination toward epigrams and poetic phrases for ornamental purposes was strictly confined to the Garibaldi room. In the dining-room appear various inscriptions.





DRAWING ROOM, VICTOR HUGO'S HOME, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, GUERNESEY



HUGO'S DINING-ROOM

Upon the inside of the door are the words: "Life is an exile." Just what the poet meant must be left to the imagination. Certainly he had experienced exile—eighteen years of it; three at Jersey and fifteen at Guernsey—but they were the most profitable and prolific years of his life. He was of the world, yet not in it, a condition that would seem to have been ideal for fanning the flight of fancy; he lived in a house after his own mind, a castle in the air. And the climate!—who shall say it did not play an important part in shaping the trend of his musings? The weather at Guernsey has *temperament*; now are the winds soft as lover's verses, or pastoral pipings; then fierce as if all the breath of Eolus were concentrated on the little rock to blow it out of sight. To Hugo these latter periods must have been rarely inspiring, when a thousand demons whistled in the air and waves and currents rioted

in imitation of chaos. Then must the reins of imagination have been loosened to the tempest; we behold his word-picture of a storm—and recognize in it a bit of Guernsey weather.

Many stories are told of Hugo, while here, by old residents of the island who knew him, and some, dealing with his private life, might better have been buried with their subject. Why rob the *lion superbe et généreux* of his majesty? Other little anecdotes which throw a more whimsical light upon him are agreeable footnotes to history. One, new to the American public, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, may here be related.

A long time ago, the people of Guernsey, who pride themselves upon their loyalty to England, erected a statue of the prince consort on the Albert pier, and the late queen, wishing to show her appreciation, determined to visit the

tight little isle. Scheduled to appear on a Saturday, owing to stormy weather, she did not arrive, and the elaborate preparations for the day, in consequence, came to naught. Those who knew the queen did not believe she would land on the morrow—Sunday; she was very punctilious about such matters, and the populace of St. Peter's port acted accordingly.

That Sunday passed like every other Sunday. The good people in the morning went to church; there are forty-odd places of worship, French and English, on the island, and nearly all of them of different denominations. The sun, which never sets on England's possessions, could search out no spot among her holdings where the idea of the "British Sabbath" is more deeply-rooted. In the afternoon, if any sound breaks the silence of the narrow ways and pretty winding lanes, it is wafted in the form

of a hymn from manor house, country mansion, or cottage. Not a public house is open; a stranger, walking into a hotel where he is not a guest, can not procure a meal. And at nightfall—early—at 6:45 o'clock—the forty different denominations, unimpaired numerically, repair by their forty different routes to their forty respective churches. This is the routine; it always has been; it always must be, and it never must be broken in upon.

On such a Sunday, Queen Victoria, seeking the shelter of the harbor, decided to land at Guernsey. From his lofty observatory on the top of a three-story house in Hauteville Street, a man, happening to look toward Sark, saw the imposing royal steamer heading toward the lighthouse at the entrance of the place of refuge. It was the queen—coming in—and no one was out to receive her! The bailiff, the constables, the



THE RED DRAWING ROOM, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE



GARIBALDI ROOM

*jurats*, officers of the royal court, Sir Somebody with the inevitable address—all were absent. The observer saw, realized, arose to the occasion. The "cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears" became a man of action; repaired to the wharf.

When the queen landed a single figure stood there; as she walked by saluted with all the grace of his countrymen.

"Who is that man?" asked her Majesty, looking back.

"Victor Hugo!" was the answer.

When it is remembered that Hugo had been invited to leave the English island of Jersey some years before for his active sympathy in behalf of certain French refugees who amused themselves by berating monarchies in general and the queen in particular, the sardonic piquancy of the story becomes apparent. From a superficial knowledge of the island and its ways the writer does not feel inclined to question the anecdote.

Hugo's act on that occasion appears

the more gracious—or whimsical!—inasmuch as he professed a comical, personal grievance against the queen; once a year he was obliged, under the old feudal law, to present her Majesty with a couple of fowl! This due, called *pou-lage*, still exists. As late as March, 1905, the King's Receiver, as he is called, caused to be published official notice that all *poulages*, rents, etc., for 1904 would be received in kind at the rate of 3s. 9d. per couple of fowls and 2s. 6d. per "quarantine of eggs." So Hugo—scoffer of monarchs!—perforce paid tribute in good, old-fashioned style, laying his feathered offerings at the foot of the throne; but a friend gave the poet his revenge, with a jocular poem on the subject, skewering the birds with a pun.

A lyric poet has compared the little isle of Guernsey to the rock of St. Helena, but "*Sainte Hélène sans remords*," he adds: "St. Helena without remorse!" And so it may seem best to the pilgrim; a pedestal with felicitous legend.



## THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

By ALBERT HALE

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

### IX

## THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

This article brings to a conclusion Mr. Hale's series, which began in *THE READER*, October, 1906.

**T**HIS is the situation: The nations of Europe are crowded and South America offers the only available land on earth into which the surplus can overflow. Who will occupy this virgin soil—when and how, by whom and under what influences will its productive acres be used for the sustenance of man?\*

On the western slope of the Andes are

Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, which may be called the mountain republics; their chief industries will be those, such as mining, in which is demanded a minimum of human and a maximum of machine labor; they have untilled fertile land, but not enough to draw great immigration, and it is to a noticeable extent already occupied by

\***THE NORTH AMERICAN SITUATION.**—A professor of the Royal Geographical Society estimates that when there are two hundred and seven persons to the square mile for fertile lands, ten for the mountains and one for the deserts, no greater population can be properly nourished and the earth will then be full. There will then be six thousand million persons. At present the earth contains something more than one-quarter of this number. At the regular rate of increase the earth will be fully peopled about the year 2072.

According to statistical data collected by James J. Hill, the United States within forty-four years will have to meet the wants of more than two hundred million persons. He asks: "How are these people to be employed and how supported? The United States has very little free land left, so that within the next fifteen years every acre of public land will disappear. As sources of wealth, the sea and the forest can no longer be taken into calculation; coal and iron are measurable but necessarily limited quantities; coal will be practically a luxury by the middle of the pres-

ent century, and the most reasonable computation of science affirms that existing production of iron can not be maintained for fifty years.

"England's coal and iron are so low that the overcrowded manufacturing areas can not employ all her factory-bred working class, although she neglects her agricultural advantages; migration, therefore, takes place because the people instinctively recognize that land is the great asset of a nation's wealth and that consequently command of the soil means domination of the earth.

"We in the United States must look to it that our land is put to better service. Agriculture must be the mainstay of the country. Germany recognizes this better than we; so do Japan, France and Belgium. Our affair therefore is to cultivate the soil, because foreign trade alone will not make us rich. If we do not improve our own soil and are not in addition ready and willing to invest money in the soil outside our territory, Germany, Japan and China will control the markets of the future."



native races, who were impressed by the stamp of the Spanish conqueror, although there is so much aboriginal blood that they can by no means be compared to an Old World peasantry. These countries on the Pacific Ocean offer no attraction for the European statesman who dreams of an American sphere of influence; they are isolated by the lofty Andes, by thousands of miles of water, and they will soon be made more approachable to us by the completion of the Panama Canal, so that they will develop along American lines with eagerness, if we treat them fairly.

Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Venezuela (Paraguay lies between Argentina and Brazil, has no seacoast, and while her rich acres are open to settlement, politically she must act as do her neighbors) are the important republics of the Atlantic seaboard, and upon their conduct, as well as upon our attitude toward them, does the future of South America depend.

The forces at work will be twofold in nature—governmental and commercial. But before these are studied a preliminary survey must be taken if their application is to be understood.

East Andean South America differs in two essentials from the rest of the hemisphere. *First*, there is practically no aboriginal race left; in Venezuela the Carib Indian, together with the Andino, is disappearing, and the later Spaniard, with some Indian and negro blood, makes what is to-day the meager native laboring population. In Brazil the Indian has disappeared from all but the wild interior; in his place is a mixed race of African, negroid Latin, relatively pure Portuguese, Italian and Spanish laboring class, with the washed-out German colonists of the southern states.

Venezuela, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina have one social condition which is common to them all and differentiates them radically from North Americans;

in addition to the fact that they all sprang from the Romance races, their social structure has two sharply distinct divisions: an aristocracy of wealth, or of education, or of blood (usually of all three), and a working class which as a rule possesses none of the three. This aristocracy is the governing class and inherits its attributes from Spanish or Portuguese ancestry; members of it may sink into the under stratum, but seldom does any one rise from below. There are, of course, instances where a peon has risen to the unofficial nobility, but there is nothing like the flux of society which we recognize and encourage in the United States. Practically every man whose name we read in South American history comes from the aristocracy; a common people such as we have here developed does not exist there. In the large cities like Buenos Aires and Montevideo the Italian or Spaniard may ascend the ladder as they do with us, while English and Irish blood generally pushes its immigrant into the upper class. In Brazil there is so much negro blood that it colors the aristocracy, and the rule is less apparent. This stamp of social difference is a barrier almost impossible for the Northerner to overcome; in the professions and in technical trades the individual—German, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon—may secure employment and advancement, but the working man, the farmer or the shopkeeper, however much he may do, can not find an atmosphere that will give him, his wife or his children, a healthy outlook on life. He can not get ahead because the social environment is against him. Moreover, in Latin American republics children born within the country of any parentage excepting those having diplomatic or temporary residence there, are *ipso facto* natives and must be classed as citizens. A foreigner, therefore, who is a settler, loses for his children the protection of his own country, and these children are legally Argen-

tinos or Venezolanos, etc., as the case may be.

This is the great reason why these countries have developed in a direction different from that which marked our own growth. They wanted immigration and they got it, but in chunks; the Europeans herded in colonies where there was no civilization into which they could be absorbed, and they consequently remained nothing but transplanted sprigs of the old world; they did not change their ideas or their methods, and two generations have done less to Americanize them than two years of public schooling on the same stock with us. They occupy land, but they can not settle as do immigrants with us. That is the reason South America is to-day rich in land but poor in labor.

*Second*, from Lake Maracaibo and beyond stretch unnumbered square miles of land which, in course of time, whether in one generation or twenty, must be brought under cultivation. All the scientific knowledge of intensive agriculture by which one hundred human beings might be nourished on the soil of one acre of ground, all the examples of oriental economy which show that four cents a day and a modicum of rice can sustain family life, argue nothing to the European who wants land and is willing to fight for it. The Malthusian theory of ebb and flow of mortality has been proven false; science is rapidly attacking epidemics and destroying them, keeping alive the weaklings who only a few years ago were allowed to die. Every nation, therefore, rejoices when its birth rate surpasses its death rate, yet Europe, tested by migration statistics, is already overfull, while even the United States, with its millions of untouched acres, and in spite of promised government encouragement of agriculture, is becoming crowded. The surplus population from these places must go somewhere. Asia is fully populated, Africa is fully exploited, North America is restless; South

America is the only remaining spot on earth capable of offering homes to impatient man.

The United States has 26.6 inhabitants to the square mile.

Uruguay has 13.5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Brazil has 5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Argentina has 5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Venezuela has 4, minus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Belgium has 600.0 inhabitants to the square mile.

Omitting the coast line and the Orinoco valley of Venezuela, the sugar country and the Amazon valley of Brazil, the upper reaches of the Paraná and Paraguay in Argentina, the remaining area, vast as it is, and some of it within the tropics or mountain snows, is as capable of supporting the white man as the United States or Canada, and northern migration of individuals would flow thither quickly if it were not for the social question, irrespective of the instability of governments. But homes for individuals are difficult to make; men must come in colonies and land companies, and with sufficient capital to begin the attack on the soil. Venezuela in her valleys behind the coast ranges has as beautiful climate and scenery as God ever gave to man, all within easy reach of older civilization. Argentina has inestimable productive possibilities, but it is hard to think of her prairies as homes for the North European. Brazil, however, has millions of acres of untilled land, every one of which will sooner or later be as contented a center of industry as the valley of the Tennessee.

The nations of Europe have a twofold object in spreading out upon the earth's surface; they are eager to find land where their surplus population may take root and expand, but there is also an ambition, older than the lament of Alexander, which we to-day call im-

perialism, and which manifests itself in the desire of some peoples, whether ruled by a king or a president, to fly the flag on alien territory. The unoccupied land in South America is open to the view of any one sailing the Atlantic; it lies within easy reach of Europe, and sooner or later it must be settled and cultivated by the white man.

Other factors must be considered before we can pass judgment on the present and future of South America. The Spanish and Portuguese established the Roman Catholic *religion*, and this is the state church to-day in all except Brazil, where the law recognizes no difference, although the people themselves are largely Romanists. But history shows that a country seldom advances when it is ruled from Rome, and that civilization strides onward more rapidly when a country escapes from too close an alliance with any creed. Italy, France and Mexico have ceased to yield to religious interference, and South America can not show a full grasp of modern ways until she separates herself more fully from the Pope. I have seen the defects and heard the cant of the foreign missionary and often refused to accept him at his own valuation, but I must pause to express my admiration for the uplifting force of the American missionary, the Bible society and the Y. M. C. A. in South America. Their conscientious attention to their work and to the ideals which they advocate goes far to found and to preserve a high standard of morals and conduct—spiritual, social and hygienic—and to bring a grace which otherwise is entirely lacking. They offer, chiefly to the lower class, but to the aristocracy as well, an education which they can get in no other way, and it is *education* in the North American sense of the word which South America needs. Each country has a well-prepared law, with numerous sub-articles, arranging the routine of education, but for the average child of common school

age it stands for little or nothing. Outside the big cities distances are great, school buildings few and teachers untrained and inexpert. Statistics on education are inaccurate, and, after all, mere ability to read and write does not indicate the intellectual or industrial activity of a country. As peoples, the inhabitants of these four countries are poorly educated. All the scholarship, science and culture originate and pertain to the aristocracy; of scholarship this class has abundance; in Caracas or Montevideo one can find as thoughtful students of literature and philosophy as in Paris, but their scholarship is almost altogether intellectual, not productive. Of science they are great admirers; their hospitals and laboratories, although not so numerous, are as well equipped as those of the United States, and they teach all the exact sciences; but they do not know how to follow modern methods, and their principles are apt to be rather academic than practical. For physicians, engineers and technicians, they rely more upon foreign education or skill than upon their own. Buenos Aires and Rio can show as elaborate engineering construction as New York and San Francisco, while Uruguay and even Venezuela have wonderful projects for future development; but the plans are largely European, although the schemes may have arisen in the imagination and poetic vision of the Latin mind.

This imagination and poetry are the salvation of Latin America. Even in the lower class art is an instinct and beauty a thing preserved. From the remnants of the Carib in Venezuela to the newly imported Spaniard or Italian in Argentina there is no awkwardness; where one sees a shanty, there one recognizes an alien (northern) crudeness; but in native thatched roof and adobe hut are lines of grace, and this spirit is manifested in the upper class as *culture*. You can not travel through South America without finding an appreciation of art, education

and good manners; boorishness is practically unknown; kindness, courtesy and breeding characterize the people from the village shopkeeper and the cowboy to the cabinet officer, and politeness in question and response is almost universal; thievery is not common, and human life is comparatively safe. In the upper class and in the cities culture shows itself in a love of art; every city will have its municipal opera house or theater, to which are invited the best European artists who can be tempted by money. French and Italian troupes make annual pilgrimages to Argentina and Brazil, and Venezuela subsidizes foreign talent. Sarah Bernhardt has played often in Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio, and their inhabitants can not possibly understand the telegrams which said that she played in the United States in a tent. "Why, have you no theaters there, or do you mean to say that commercial greed would prevent the people from seeing such a great artist? How extraordinary!"

The culture shows itself also in the construction and government of their cities. Caracas, in addition to nature's advantages, has elements of beauty, while Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Montevideo and Buenos Aires are structurally among the best cities of the western hemisphere. When a South American comes to the United States he marvels at the rush of life here, at our activity, our industry, and at our material successes, but when he goes home he tells his friends that as a rule our cities are ugly and illy kept, and he not unusually expresses surprise that we have such unrepresentative citizens as municipal officers, and that with our proportionately high tax rate we allow the people to spend so little and the politicians so much. Generally the officials of Latin American cities are men of dignity and civic ambition, but they are not strangers to what we call graft.

Graft is the black spot on Latin-

American national politics. It is said that every man in office has his hand outstretched and that nothing reaches final signature until it has paid toll. It may be a redeeming grace that in contracts or questions of large import the first demand is that the country and the people will be benefited; the second consideration is to how much there will be to go around. A new railway, a concession for electric lighting or any public improvement, must first be accurately constructed, technically correct and conform to the best requirements of art, but in addition the officials must be conciliated. It is a system. Yet as a rule the Latin is too polite and diplomatic for coarse financial slugging; in fact, finesse and *diplomacy* represent the highest phase of his culture. From the era of the Medici and Ferdinand of Aragon he has been compelled, by national jealousies, by the machination of the church, to study the principles of intrigue, and all South America shows it. His development has followed traditions until he is the match for any statesman in Europe. One dear old friend, who has for forty years been in and out of politics, said to me: "Yes, Root and Buchanan and the rest of them came down here to be fooled just like so many others, and this fooling means that the visitor is made to believe that certain things are so and so, when in reality they are not. The taint of Machiavelli, which has been part of their inheritance, leads them to suspect that the United States is not altogether free from the same taint."

*Trade* the world over is secured by the person who can sell better goods for the same price, or equal goods for a less price. No other rule will work in the long run. South America fosters trade and is careless who gets it. Any American going to any city there, if he have pluck, perseverance, cash and good stuff to sell, can sell it if it is wanted; but he must study the markets, he must act hon-



estly, learn the customs of the consumers, and fight for what trade he can get, just as do the English and Germans. They are not naked savages, these South Americans, waiting to be clothed, grateful for the cast-off garments of a higher race; it is not the necessities of life which they lack, but some of the comforts, many of the luxuries, and, above all, the means to increase their productive capacity. This implies the better grade of manufactured goods and especially machinery, either for individual effort or for the larger industries, by which manufacturing plants of their own can be set in motion. American sellers must have their own agents and independent exhibits; it will not do to select an English or a German house through which to offer our wares. A dignified, high-grade *American* establishment in Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires would do much to attract trade our way. This would encourage the establishment of an American bank, and would help solve the vexing question of an American line of steamers to South America.

It is not demonstrable that we must subsidize steamers; the great bulk of trade profitable to our merchants is and will continue to be in the hands of what we call the trusts. Kerosene, agricultural implements, railway supplies, many tools for the skilled trades—these find their way south of the equator, and the manufacturers can as well afford to pay for transportation as can the American people; but to pay a moderate sum for the direct carriage of mails under the American flag, properly safeguarding the contract so that the cost only is covered, would be a wise act. If the government goes further, the next step should be national ownership and management of a steamer line. If we can operate the Panama railway, build the canal, we certainly can operate steamers as a branch of the national postoffice. This would impress South Americans as the

greatest educational object-lesson of our power and dignity that could possibly be conceived.

But there is another feature of neighborliness with South America which seems usually to be unknown or forgotten or ignored in discussing the means of increasing our intimacy and thereby our influence over countries and nations with whom we have now scarcely a speaking acquaintance. I refer most emphatically to the *investment of money* within the territory itself in the way of large enterprises, such as railways, and all industries which employ labor and bring into productiveness the unoccupied land. These countries all have land to sell, they all eagerly beg for the brains and talent of modern productive life; they know that the skill to contrive, the power to build and the force to expand comes from North Europe and from the United States. Argentina and Uruguay are controlled by English capital and methods, Brazil partly so, though she has dreams and schemes of her own, and Venezuela has made only the beginning and still waits for the magician who can coin oratory into cattle and her love of country into commercial highways. It is a conservative estimate that England has invested in Argentina three hundred million pounds; in Uruguay fifty million pounds, in Brazil sixty million pounds, in Venezuela two million pounds. Germany in these four countries may have ten million pounds, and the United States perhaps six million pounds. At least forty per cent. of this is invested under government guaranty and subsidy. In some cases the nations, in others the states, give official security for these loans. Diplomatic representatives from these nations have negotiated for moneys and have given government sanction to the promise that the interest will be met and the capital be repaid. This is a principle of which we know little. To be sure some of our states have borrowed money abroad and



brought lasting disgrace upon themselves by repudiating these debts, but as a rule we obtain money from within our own borders. South America has no money of her own; she was for years exploited and robbed by Europe, so that she has now only land and the riches that go with it to sell. Every country there mortgages her customs, her taxes and her future crops to Europe, and has a reasonable hope that along with capital there will flow into the land emigrants and settlers who will develop her resources and become in time good citizens. Investments have been less safe than with us, not because men are trickier, but because a government guaranty has been necessary before money is respected, and the stronger the nation from which the investor hails the greater the prospect that this government guaranty would be observed. But to-day there are unlimited possibilities for the investment of money quite apart from such protection, because the national governments are getting stronger, and because the commercial nations are demanding that financial action be unrestrained and that governments themselves obey their own laws, give freedom to the expansive tendencies of older nations, and offer only that security which any self-respecting nation knows it must maintain or else be overwhelmed by the onward march of industrial civilization.

Any combination of capital can find in South America, as in Cuba, magnificent opportunities for investment. Energy will be required—American hustle—skill and forethought, but no more than is necessary to-day in our own land to make any enterprise "go through." There are great possibilities for such investments; harbor improvements, municipal improvements, railways, electric tramways, electric power plants, telephones, land companies, and agricultural associations for the growth of fruits, grains, rubber, etc., as well as manufac-

turing establishments of all kinds. A concession must be obtained equivalent to charters under our state or city governments; but the prospect for future growth is greater, and if we wish such investments, they will furnish outlet for our younger brains, perhaps afford homes to some of our surplus population, and give us a vital interest in those countries. If we are not willing to invest money within them, and thereby to assume responsibilities (as in Cuba) which bring vital interests for good government, we have no right to direct or to dictate the course they may elect to pursue.

The future permits of three paths; which will East Andean South America follow? The *first*, which is to-day the line of least resistance, means the final adoption of European ideas, methods and customs. England and Germany are the controlling influences now. South American states will never voluntarily become dependencies of Europe, but they may gradually be driven to acknowledge that pure democracy is a failure and therefore be willing to see established on American soil a Europeanized paternalism.

The *second* lies beneath the overshadowing terror of a usurping imperialism. If England or Germany asserts that might is right, that their capital invested there is best preserved by a direct power which is responsible only to London or Berlin, if overflowing Europe can not be restrained and if they seize as colonial possessions the virgin acres of these relatively weak nations, there will be bloody war repeating with more benignant purpose the Spanish invasion of four centuries ago; but it will be a war of conquest just the same, this time not for gold or for booty, but for land on which millions may live. Commercially and strategically Argentina belongs to England. Brazil is loose jointed and might lose some of her territory to Germany

and England, but the country will remain democratic so long as the word persists in language. Venezuela is ours, as much as Cuba is, and Santo Domingo, and all the land watered by the Caribbean. Our influence there must be paramount so long as we have the strength to police the area contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico.

The *third* path means that in the end American democracy will be triumphant. England is our friend and she would like to see us do as she has done. But we must be neighborly; invest money, send honest men to develop these rich fields and to add fresh energy to their exuberant South American imagination. This is the only way by which can result a real sisterhood of republics to overcome the spirit of aristocracy and class which is at present dominant.

Although the recent visit of Secretary Root, in the flattery of his high office and the unusual charm of his personality, has done much to make South America less

suspicious of the future, there is still a fear that the United States is not a faithful or sincere ally, that instead of a defender of true democracy we have determined to become a land-grabbing world power, bent on beating into line those who do not act as we think best, and that our rod of chastisement is that unclarified thing called the Monroe Doctrine. In the United States this is a fetish; the people have heard of it, orators quote it, politicians dangle it before the eyes of the foreigner, but statesmen can not define it. In South America it is public gossip. The newspapers let scarcely a day pass without mentioning it, neighbors discuss it in the streets, and government officials hate it because they do not know what it means. If the United States government wants to act honestly and generously toward the South American republics it can not begin in a more straightforward manner than by accurately defining "The Monroe Doctrine."

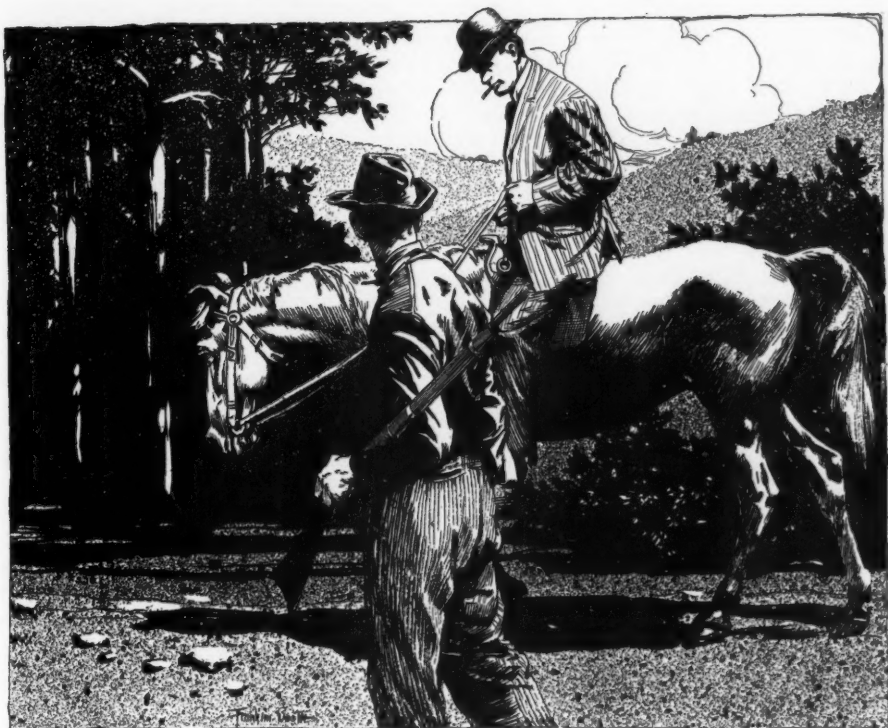
## A PAGAN

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Beyond the golden organ tones  
And silver horns of soft acclaim  
I seemed to hear your angel voice  
And dream upon your lovely name.

They sent soft incense through the aisles,  
They raised on high the holy wine;  
I only seemed to scent your hair  
And dream upon your face divine.

Oh, am I pagan thus to kneel  
In this grey shrine with ardor faint,  
And 'mid the praying folk devout  
To dream upon my own sweet saint!



"WE-ALL BIN HAVIN' A GOOD DEAL OF DISTURBANCE RAOUND HEAH, LATELY"

## SHEHENS' HOUN' DOGS

By ELIA W. PEATTIE

Author of "The Shape of Fear," "The Door," etc.

EDWARD Berenson, the Washington correspondent for the *New York News*, descended from the sleeping-car at Hardin, Kentucky, and inquired for the stage to Ballington's Gap. But there was, it appeared, no stage. Neither was a conveyance to be hired. The community looked at Berenson and went by on the other side. He had, indeed, as he recollected, with a too confiding candor, registered himself from Washington, and there were reasons in plenty why strangers should not be taken over to Ballington's Gap promiscuously, so to speak, by the neighbors at

Hardin. Berenson had come down from Washington with a purpose, however, and he was not to be frustrated. He wished to inquire—politely—why, for four generations, the Shehens and the Babbs had been killing each other. He meant to put the question calmly and in the interest of scientific journalism, but he was quite determined to have it answered. To this end he bought a lank mare for seventy-five dollars—"an' th' fixin's thrown in, sah"—and set out upon a red road, bound for the Arcadian distance.

The mountains did not look like the

retreat of revengeful clans. They wore, on the contrary, a benevolent aspect. All that was visible was beautiful; and what lay beyond appeared enchanted. The hillsides flowered with laurel and azalea; the winds met on the heights like elate spirits, united after a too long separation; the sky was so near and so kind that it seemed after all as if the translation of the weary body into something immortal and impregnable to pain were not so mad a dream. Pleasant streams whispered through the pine woods, and the thrush sang from solitary places.

Berenson had ridden far, and the soft twilight was coming upon him, when he met the first human being since leaving Hardin. It was a slight, fallow, graceful mountaineer with a long rifle slung in the easy hollow of his arm. He emerged suddenly upon Berenson—so suddenly as to disturb the none too sensitive nerves of the mare, who shied incautiously over the edge of the roadway. The two saluted, and Berenson pulled in his nag.

"How far am I from Ballington's Gap, sir?"

"'Bout two mile, sah, if you don't go wrong at th' fawk. Bin to Hardin?"

"Yes—I left the train there."

"Did the folks there send yo' on heah?"

"Well, they let me come," said Berenson with swift divination.

"That theah ole Pap Waddell's hoss yo' all ridin'?"

"Why, I believe it is—or was. It's mine now."

"How much—if it's fair askin'?"

"Seventy-five dollars and the saddle thrown in."

A slow smile illuminated the fallow face—the sort of a smile that dawns when one perceives a joke. The mountaineer drew a long dark plug of tobacco from his pocket.

"D'ye chaw?" he inquired with pensive sweetness.

"I smoke," said Berenson, and offered

his pocket case of Havanas. The two lighted up, and the man walked beside the mare as they proceeded.

"We-all bin havin' a good deal of disturbance raound heah, lately," volunteered the mountaineer.

"Yes, so I hear."

"What with the Shehens defendin' theah h'athstones, an' th' Babbyses raisin' hell, 'twas bad enough—trouble an' to spa-h. An' now th' revinooers—"

"I didn't know they'd been giving you trouble lately."

Berenson did not feel that he ran any risk in identifying his companion with the "blockaders." Loyal mountain sentiment, as he knew, was with the keepers of the stills.

"Yaas, they've bin amongst us ag'in. As I was sayin', all this makes us more inquirin' than polite, sah, an' it's my place to find out the business of them that comes to the gap. As we ah gittin' mighty neah thah this minute, I've got to come to th' p'int." He smiled at Berenson ingratiatingly.

"Well," said Berenson, slipping from his horse and taking his place beside his inquisitor, "you shall have a full and complete answer. I'm a newspaper man, and I've come down here to inquire into the meaning of this feud—this Shehen-Babb difficulty that has been going on down here for the past twenty-five years—or is it longer?"

"I don't know jes' the numbah of yeahs, but it's in the fourth generation, sah. But I don't see why it should consahn outsiders, sah."

Berenson looked at him with genuine interest. He had a dignity and a grace that were almost distinguished. He bore himself with nonchalance—something as might any clansman, certain of the rights of his position, and firm in his ability to protect his own. He was young—not more than twenty-two. His tan-colored jeans hung easily upon his lithe and muscular body. His eyes had a kindly expression at moments, but in re-

pose were marked by a certain mournfulness.

"Well," said Berenson, "the newspapers have fallen into the way of thinking that everything is their business. They are probably wrong, but as long as I work for them—and I don't know enough to make my living any other way—I shall act according to their policy. Now, up North, we have become greatly interested in your feud. We have quarrels of our own up there, but they are not inherited quarrels. We don't carry on a fight from the grave to the cradle, and the cradle to the grave. We don't keep on fighting after we've forgotten what the row is about, and we want to know why you do. It strikes us that you have the habits of the old Highlanders, and that these vendettas of yours resemble the old wars of the clans—"

"Waal," interrupted the other, with a philosophical intonation. "We all are Scotch or Irish, mostly."

"That's so!" cried Berenson. "Of course you are! Anyway, I've come down here to get an impartial account of the whole matter, and I want to meet any man—as many men as I can—who will give me the rights of it."

The mountaineer motioned Berenson to stop. He turned to the side of the road, unslung a horn cup from his shoulder, and, stooping, brought it up filled with glistening spring water. He held it out to Berenson with a charming gesture of hospitality. Berenson bowed and accepted it.

"It's good watah," said the other. "I'm fond of watah myself." He spoke as if his taste were rather exotic.

"Waal, I'm powahful glad, Mr.—"

"Berenson—Edward Berenson."

"—Berenson, that yo' bin so squah in tellin' me of yo' business. We don't have many visitahs from ovah yon. 'Bout th' only ones that come heah ah th' revinoosers, an' I needn't say, sah, to a man like yo', that they ah not pahicularly welcome. 'Bout fo' yeahs ago a fellow from

Mr. Wattedson's papah did come t' these pahs when they was some shootin', an' he took sides with th' Babbs." (A pause.) "He nevah went back." They stopped on a level bit of road to breathe themselves, and Berenson received and returned the whimsical smile of his companion. "But what I like about you," went on the mountaineer, "is that yo' said yo' was goin' to be impahshal. I'm an impahshal man myself, and I think we should all be impahshal. Th' trouble with outsiders is that they ah not impahshal."

"Well, it's a fine thing to be," assented Berenson. "You make judges out of stuff like that. Any judges in your family?"

"One, sah."

"Still living?"

"No, sah. Passed away las' yeah."

"What was his name?"

"Loren Shehen, sah."

Berenson's heart performed an acrobatic feat.

"Are you a Shehen, sir?"

"I have that honah, sah. I'm th' last."

"You don't, I'm sure, mean that you are the last survivor?"

"No, sah, I do not. I mean I'm the youngest bohn. Theah's a numbah of us yet on Tulula mountain, sah. Theah's my fathah, an' my two eldah brothahs, an' my Uncle Dudley and one son of his, an' my second cousin Edgah—an' theah ah othahs, kinfolk, but not close related. The Judge was with us last yeah, but he was killed, by a hull pahcel of Babbs—a hull yelpin' pack of 'em."

"You've lived here all your life, Mr. Shehen?"

The mountaineer's eyes twinkled.

"Waal, not yit, Mr. Berenson, but I expect to, sah."

Berenson smiled.

"I should think, however, that in spite of the impartial disposition which you say is native to you, Mr. Shehen, that you would have difficulty in dealing with the matter of the feud without some heat."



"No heat at all, sah! You don't git heated when yo' speak of rattlesnakes, do yeh? They ah jest snakes! You kill 'em when yo' kin. Well, Babbs ah th' same. They ah the meanest set of snakes that crawl on theah bellies. That's an impahshal opinion, sah. Yo' kin ask th' next man we meet."

Berenson gave up all effort to keep a sober face. He grinned, then guffawed. He made the rocks ring with his laughter. The mountaineer regarded him indulgently.

"It's a true wohd," he said quietly.

"I haven't had your full name yet," said Berenson, when he got breath again.

"Bill Shehen, sah—young Bill."

"Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Shehen! I want to hear your side of the story from beginning to end. Now where can I put up? I want to stay here for some time. It's not alone on account of my paper. I need the rest. I'm tired. I want to talk with all the Shehens I can, and all the Babbs I can."

"Now that's whah yo' make yo' mistake, sah. Yo' cain't talk with both Shehens an' Babbs. If yo' go on to th' Gap with me, and bunk at my place to-night—an' yo' ah welcome, sah—yo've got to 'bide with us. Yo' will be counted a Shehen sympathizah. I don't suppose any one from th' outside kin ondehstand, sah. I don't expect 'em to do so. I thought about it a plenty. It's jest this: bein' bohn a Shehen, yo' nuss hate fo' th' Babbs with yo' mothah's milk; bein' bohn a Babb, yo' git silly mad evah time yo' see a Shehen. Bein' of one kind, yo' cain't pass the othah kind on th' road; yo' cain't heah of anything they do without a cold feelin' in yo' stomach. When yo' git to fightin' em, yo' feel like shoutin' like the niggahs at praise meetin'. I thought it ovah, sah, an' I've about come to the conclusion that it's a disease. Folks call it a feud. Well, I call it a disease—the Shehen-Babb disease."

Berenson put a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Well, then, William Shehen, if you've found that out, why don't you cure yourself? If it's a disease, it's a fatal one! It brings your men to untimely death, and your women to sorrow. Don't set your sons—when you get them—in the way of inheriting the same fearful malady. Get out and get away from it all. Do something besides destroy and make bad whisky. For you do make whisky, I suppose."

"Yaas," said the other gently, "but it ain't so damned bad." His voice had sougning intonations, like the wind in the pines.

"I'll wager you've got a bottle of it in your pocket now," said Berenson.

"Waal!" the wind was never softer on a summer night.

"Well, I've a bottle of the ordinary whisky of commerce. I'll bet mine is the smoother, the nuttier, and altogether the pleasanter."

Three buzzards sitting on the dead branch of a Norway pine received a shock from which they did not recover for several days. They had seen walking along the road two quiet men, one sad mare, and a long thin dog with a lame foot. They suddenly beheld a swift change—a *tableau vivant*. One man stood at the point of the other man's rifle. The mare had jerked away and was backing, with frightened eyes, toward the verge of the steep mountain side. The dog had crouched down as if to get out of the way of trouble.

"I believe yo' all ah a damned revinoor aftah all!" said Shehen. He did not raise his voice, but he spoke between closed teeth. His blue gray eyes had become like points of steel. Berenson, equally tall, in his dark, city clothes, his inappropriate derby above his long, office-bleached face, looked Shehen squarely in the eye.

"I'm not," he said. "I'm just what I told you I was. I haven't a firearm on me. If you shoot, you kill an unarmed man. Besides, you will have made a mis-

take. The only trouble is, that while I like your jokes, you don't like mine. Up North, when we don't like a man's jokes, we tell him he's an ass; we don't kill him."

The buzzards saw the tableau remain, for an appreciable moment, undisturbed. Then the mountaineer lowered his rifle and flung it back upon his arm. He looked shamefaced. Something like tears came into his embarrassed eyes. Berenson regarded him coldly. The other, meeting the expression, flushed scarlet. Then he shook his fist before Berenson's eyes.

"That's it," he cried. "That's what I say! The life heah makes—fools of us! We ah afeahd of shadows! We have nothin' to show fo' ouah lives! We live to kill—that's it—we live to kill. What has my family done fo' the community? What is the community? It's a beautiful country, but what do we do with it? We live like wolves, sah—like wolves. Ain't that how we seem to yo' all?"

He was suddenly no more than a boy. His height seemed, indeed, to have belied him. He looked his passionate inquiry at Berenson, who warmed again into liking.

"Why don't you get out of it all?" demanded Berenson. "Cut it! Quit it! Vamoose! Come where they're doing something—where they're talking about something worth while. Why, you're an intelligent fellow. You've courage. You've had some education, too, haven't you?"

"Dad sent me to Hahdin to the Industrial school; an' I've some books. I take pleasuah in readin', sah."

"I knew it! Well, get out of this place and make a man of yourself."

Shehen said nothing. To the acute disappointment of the buzzards, the horse was recaptured, the dog recovered, and the two men went on side by side.

The buzzards spread their wings, stretched their necks with a disgusted gesture, and flew away. Silence fell upon the travelers. They were coming to a hamlet. Back from the road, bowered in roses, was a tumble-down house. It was built of logs, and divided in the center by an open chamber. Three wolf-like dogs ran out to greet Shehen. The mountaineer stopped to welcome them, rubbing his hands over their backs, scratching them behind the ears, and finally lifting one of them up in his arms.



HE WAS CAPTIVE NOW—THIS WILD CREATURE

"They seem to be very quiet hounds," said Berenson. "How did you teach them to be so well behaved?"

Berenson's companion regarded him with amusement.

"Thah's reasons, sah, why the Shehens' houn'-dogs hes to be quiet. We nevah did publish ouah place of residence! But thah's times when they can't be kep' still, an' that's when one of the clan has bad luck comin' to him. They ah well trained, sah, but they do have theah times of howlin'!"

"And about that time," suggested

Berenson, "you want to get your rabbit-foot out."

Bill Shehen nodded.

"If you've got one handy," he agreed. "Fathah an' th' boys have been in a little trouble this week. They ah all away. Come in and spend th' night, sah. I want to talk to yo'."

It was said with the conviction that a refusal was impossible. And, indeed, Berenson considered it so. They put up the horse, and went into the great living room, which ran across one entire side of the house—three bedrooms occupying the other side. Shehen pointed to a crayon picture on the wall—the only picture in the room.

"That's my mothah," he said with a sweet and frank reverence. "She died last yeah." The portrait was a poor one, but it could not conceal the look of fatality in the dead woman's eyes. It was the same look that Berenson had noticed in the eyes of her son. A wave of compassion for both of them swept over him. He was left alone for a moment, and he stood before the crayon, seeing yet not seeing it.

They ate together, and then sat out beneath the hoary hemlocks, and watched the moon rise, scarlet, over the mountain's brow. Berenson felt at ease—at ease with the night, and the place, and the man. The whip-poor-will iterated his foolish call from below them, and almost above their heads the hoot owl cried.

"I can't say but that I'd be willing to get along without those two birds," said Berenson.

"They ah very insistin'," agreed Shehen. "Of co'se I know how to make that hoot owl shet up, but the whip-pooah-will is one too many for me."

"And how can you make the hoot owl hush? By killing it?"

Shehen grinned.

"Thah's ways of doin' things up here that you all wouldn' take stock in," he ventured.

"Well, I don't know about that. What do you suggest?"

"Yo'all take off youah slippah, sah, an' change the right slippah to the lef' foot an' see what happens."

The industrious owl was in full cry as Berenson bent to obey this extraordinary request. But her mournful gurgle died in her throat.

"She'll shet up now," murmured Shehen, lazily lighting his pipe. And so she did. Not another sound issued from her depressing throat. Berenson made the echoes ring with laughter.

"You don't believe such stuff, man?"

"No-o," pensively murmured the mountaineer. "We don't none of us believe in it! It jes' happens that a-way, that's all. An' I may say, jes' fo' yo' information, thet if yo' haven't on slippahs and it's inconvenient to change youah boots, heatin' a pokah red hot will do jes' as well."

"Thanks," said Berenson, and told of some family superstitions of his own.

But they talked of wiser things, too. Shehen liked books, as he said, and he showed Berenson a catalogue of the year's publications, with the volumes he had purchased or proposed to buy, marked off. He turned to serious matters; was fascinated with popular science, and expressed a wish to have a "star-glass" of his own. He knew the names of the constellations, it appeared, and he called his companion's attention to the color of the different stars.

"I may be wrong," the Washington man said to the mountaineer that night, "but I think you are wasting yourself here. You ought to have more appreciation of yourself. The only way you can take your own measure is by standing up alongside other men. You're made for happiness and society and some nice girl's love, and good books and a home of your own. I can't think why you've not seen all this for yourself."

The mountaineer reached a hand down to stroke one of the dogs.

"I reckon I've seen it," he said. "But my ole dad is one to have his way. They call him the Ten-Tined Buck of Tulula mountain. It never was much good runnin' counter to him."

"Will you come up to Washington with me if I get his consent? I'll stay here and get acquainted with him, and I'll locate you up there in some way. I tell you, when the chance really offers he'll want you to avail yourself of it. You'll see!"

The sound of the "branch" dripping over the rocks came to their ears. The hermit thrush cast the soft pearls of his melody upon the air. With infinite rustlings, the night settled about them, beneficent as a prayer.

"I mout try it up there," mused the mountaineer. "But I was always a home-keepin' fellow."

Berenson went to bed perplexed. The boy was as innocent and wistful as a girl, outlaw though he confessed himself. Having — inadvertently — finished too quickly and too disastrously his own individual interest in life, Berenson had fallen into a way of deriving vicarious zest by interfering in the lives of others. And the case of young Bill Shehen seemed to offer a rare opportunity for his benevolent vice.

Three weeks later Berenson went back to Washington. The period of his investigation had not been without adventure—even danger. He had made enemies and friends; he had felt partizanship. He had absorbed something of the point of view of these courteous, murderous, soft-voiced, battle-loving, mountain-whelped, clannish, affectionate, sentimental, law-defying men. He liked them—liked their inconsistencies, their excesses, their barbarism, their hospitality, their piety, and their heathenism. And he carried to Washington with him, as friend and companion, one William Shehen, junior, son of Tulula's "Ten-Tined Buck."

If Shehen was shy, he was also sociable. He had a way with mountains—understood them and answered them—but he had a way with men, too. He was always graceful, and he looked well in the soft gray suit which he got at Berenson's advice, and in the drooping gray felt hat. He carried himself with nonchalance, took long, swinging strides, looked men almost too insistently in the eye, and was rather elaborate in his courtesy. He had, as a part of his indestructible possession, a knowledge of how educated men talked. He had read, and he had remembered. Away from his native environment, he employed something of this knowledge, which came within his literary, but not his actual, experience. The soft tricks of his earth-born, forest-nurtured speech clung to him, but in Washington these were not marked as amazing. His *naïveté* and his gentleness won him friends.

Berenson soon found an office position for him, and he filled it with faithfulness, though his patron never dropped in to see him that he was not distressed at the curious wistfulness in the boy's eyes. He who had known only his own will now submitted, from eight in the morning till half after five in the evening, to the will of others. His days were given up to minutiae, every last particle of which was laid out for him. He had hitherto acted solely on his own initiative, or had followed the rough autocracy of old Bill, his father, the leader of his herd—the ten-tined buck of Tulula Mountain. He was captive now—this wild creature, whose caprices had been his guide. Berenson pitied him, yet expected ultimate happiness for him. Civilization might be rather a stupid escape from barbarism, but after all, when a barbarian got to yearning for civilization, as Shehen had, it seemed best to give it to him.

Shehen went to the Presbyterian church, and he sang so well that the choirmaster requested him to join his

baritones, which the young mountaineer did, with unfeigned pleasure. He sang with the open and flexible throat, knew his notes, and was as teachable as an intelligent child. He boarded with a widow who had two daughters, one other boarder and a flower garden. Bill used to work in the garden with the young daughter mornings before he went to the office. Her name was Summer MacDonald. She had had, far back, much the same ancestry as he. Something atavistic stirred in the two of them and gave them sympathies which could not be expressed. Besides, they were both young, they were training roses and weeding mignonette together, and at night they sometimes took a walk in the moonlight. They sang together, too, Summer selecting the songs, which were *adagio* and *andantino*, a trifle sad, and relating to love or religion. She had been going to the Congregational church, but she changed now, and went off every Sunday morning with Shehen, and after a while she got admitted to the choir, too, though her voice was not strong.

Bill liked it, however, the way it was. It flowed along like a pretty "branch" over the mica-starred soil of his mountains. Her face was pale and delicate, and she wore white frocks, and a wide white hat with drooping blue plumes on it. Even in the morning, about her work, she dressed in white, with fetching pink or blue gingham aprons, cut like a child's pinafore, covering them for neatness. With her light braids down her back, she looked like a child. She and Shehen were as happy as they could be. They used, sometimes, when they were walking together in the garden, to catch hold of hands and swing back and forth, out of sheer lightness of heart, and just as little children do. Bill never kissed her, but sometimes, when he was sleeping and the summer wind, perfumed from her garden, blew in upon him, he dreamt that she had kissed him. The

caress was as light as thistle down; it had the breath of violets, and it made him blush with happiness.

Berenson used to take Shehen around the Capitol, and to the Congressional Library and the Supreme Court Hall. He talked to him, casually, of government, of ideals of law, of the responsibility of a nation. He wished to make him comprehend what a nation meant, and to make clear that individualism need not include anarchy. He gave him a very good notion of how anarchy worked in cities, and he was not surprised to find Bill condemning it utterly. He loathed city crime, too, which seemed to offend him as being squalid and treacherous. Poverty touched him deeply. He could save nothing. He was always helping some one worse situated than himself. Berenson used to wonder if he was coming to have any notion of why the moonshiners were offenders against the good order of the government; but though Bill's impulses were all on the side of generosity and compassion, he still seemed to lack some comprehension of the real meaning of law. Berenson could never cure him of the habit of going armed. He would, at any time, have been willing to dispense with his uncomfortable collar, or his tie, but his toilet was never complete without his modest Smith and Wesson. The fact that he was, in wearing it, breaking a legal regulation concerned him not at all. It was a point of honor for a Shehen to go armed. That finished it.

"You'll be getting a promotion some of these days, my boy," Berenson said to him. "And then I suppose you and Miss Summer will be setting up for yourselves and making your own flower garden."

Bill settled a spray of heliotrope in his buttonhole. Miss Summer had given it to him from her garden.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "If she knew about Ballington's Gap and the still on Tulula Mountain, and all the



Babbs we all had killed, perhaps she wouldn't."

"Tell her the story and see what she says," urged Berenson.

"Yaas," smiled Bill, "eat the mushroom and see if you die!"

As time went on it seemed, however, as if the mountaineer would be likely to eat the mushroom. Berenson used to meet Bill and Miss Summer together, dreamful, on summer nights, and he noticed what seraphic intonation could be given the simple word "we."

"Have you told her yet?" he ventured to ask one day. Bill

"I out with the whole yahn," Bill confessed.

"And what was the effect of it?"

"Waal, it was as if she didn't quite follow me. I reckon she thought I was layin' it on. She said young men liked to play the Othello game—that they wanted to be loved for the dangers they had passed."

"Miss Summer is a student of Shakespeare, then?"

"We've been readin' it togethah," murmured Bill happily.

Berenson could not help priding himself on his man. He felt that fine sense of partnership with the Creator which parents have when they regard a beautiful and virtuous child. Shehen the civilized, the pacific, the bookish, the lover, the citizen, the law-abider, was in part his product. Berenson talked of him at the newspaper office and at the club. People asked to meet him, and Berenson liked

nothing better than a Sunday afternoon in Bill's company. Berenson's friends regarded his *protégé* with mingled amusement and affection, and the mountaineer found himself with a circle of surprisingly distinguished acquaintances.

Shehen finally brought word that he had rented a little cottage—a four-roomed affair with a garden plot. He had a charming view, and, with plenty of

seeds and saplings from the Agricultural Department, he didn't see why he couldn't be perfectly happy. All he and Miss Summer wished, apparently, was to be together, to have a roof in case of storm or nightfall—and both seemed more or less unlikely in their atmosphere of high noon and sun—and to have a patch of earth to grow perfumed things in. Berenson was delighted. He had not enjoyed life so much for a long time. Having been under the necessity of setting aside the more idyllic department of life, he now regaled himself with his creature's happiness. He had begun to visit the furniture stores with the view to a comprehensive wedding pres-

ent, and he had set the day when he was to go with the prospective bride to make the selections.

Berenson had his own ideas about how a bride's little drawing-room ought to be furnished. He had, indeed, treasured these ideas for many years. Now, for the first time, he had an opportunity for putting them into execution.



—TRAINING ROSES AND WEEDING  
MIGNONETTE TOGETHER

The evening before the day appointed for this agreeable task, Berenson and Bill had dinner together.

"I may be wrong," said the newspaper man, "and I hope I am, my boy, but it strikes me that you're not looking quite so enthusiastic as you should be. Haven't you been sleeping well? You look like a man who's been losing sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but—"

"Yes. Well—"

"But three nights runnin' I've had the oddes' dream!"

"Not a disagreeable dream, I hope! You've enough pleasant things to dream about, I should think."

"Well, yo' might call it a bad dream, an' yo' might not, Mr. Berenson. It's— it's the houn's, yo' know. I heah 'em bahkin' all up the side of Tulula—howlin' an' howlin' like somethin's goin' wrong. It gives me a dreadful honin' fo' home."

"Did you write to your father and brothers that you were to be married?"

"Oh, yes, sah, I wrote to all my kin. I asked 'em to come daown, but I know they won't do that, sah. An' what's moah, the knowledge that I was about to be married would keep 'em from tellin' me if anything *was* goin' wrong."

"Well, I wouldn't worry. Dreams are out of date, you know. You are dreaming because you are nervous, and you're nervous because you are going to be married. That's all there is to that. It's usual under the circumstances."

"I reckon," murmured the mountaineer, "but I suah did heah those houn' dogs!"

He said no more about it, and left Berenson, to make his way to his sweetheart's house. Berenson, strolling along before going to his rooms, saw the two of them pacing back and forth in the little garden. He heard the low sound of their laughter. They were quite safe in Arcady, he concluded, and went to his bed well pleased with the idyl of his making.

The next morning he awoke with the consciousness of a singularly paternal feeling. He was to meet Miss MacDonald at ten, and nine o'clock found him at his club reading his paper and waiting for his breakfast.

He had unfolded his sheet and was settling back for the enjoyment of it when the door boy entered. He was making for Berenson, and that gentleman of well-arranged habits felt a touch of annoyance.

"A gentleman and lady to see you, sir."

He presented a card. On it were written in the girl's chirography the names of his lovers—just "Bill and Summer" in perfect confidence and unconventionality.

Something was wrong, evidently. Every step that Berenson took toward the little parlor into which they had been shown convinced him that something was very wrong.

It was, indeed, two white and drawn faces that he encountered, and the second glance showed him the girl's face eloquent with appeal and the man's set in stern and obstinate lines.

"For Heaven's sake, what's the trouble?" he broke out, closing the door behind him.

Bill pointed a quivering finger at the paper Berenson had unconsciously retained.

"Have yo' read that, sah?"

"No, I haven't. I was just about to when"—he had shaken the paper out and swept his practised glance over the headings. There, in their ancient and fatal juxtaposition, were the names of Shehen and Babb! Berenson's eye ate up the despatch. The vendetta was on again. Tulula Mountain was a battlefield. Old Bill was slain. So was Loren, his eldest son. So was Dudley, the brother of the elder William. Dudley's two sons and William's second son, Lee, were entrenched in the old Shehen shack. The Babbs held them there, be-

leaguered—kept them at bay on one side and held off the officers of the law on the other. The Babbs, it appeared, had accessions to their side. The trouble had broken out when some of the contending factions met, during a four days' rain-storm, where much corn whisky was dispensed.

"I'm going back, sah," announced Bill when Berenson lifted his eyes from the page.

"I brought him here to you, sir," cried the girl. "I could do nothing with him!

girl. Your honor is involved here, not in that death's hole back in the mountains."

Bill's face did not soften in the least. His eyes were as cruel as bayonets; his face settled in battle lines. He looked taller and his boyhood was gone from him.

"They-all have got Loren, too!" It was as if Berenson's words had not penetrated to his understanding.

"You hear him!" sobbed the girl. "Oh Bill! Bill, dear! I can't give you up. Oh, all our happiness together, Bill



"THEY-ALL HEV KILLED MY OLE DAD," MUTTERED SHEHEN

He came an hour ago and told me, and I've pleaded and pleaded."

"You'll go to your death!" broke in Berenson, seizing the mountaineer by the arm. "Or you'll make a murderer of yourself—which will be worse! Don't be a fool! Don't be a lunatic! Your duty's here! Look at that dear little girl. Think what she—"

"They-all hev killed my ole dad," muttered Shehen. The vernacular had tangled his tongue again.

"But I say you've no right to leave," protested Berenson, shaking him by the shoulder. "You belong here with that

—that we planned! And the home, Bill, and all we were going to do for mother and—"

"Great God, man," cried Berenson. "I can't stand the torture of this, if you can! You don't mean to stand there and break that girl's heart, do you?"

"I stand by my kin," said Bill. But he seemed hardly to know what he was saying. He had decided to take the ten o'clock train. He was in a daze; but the one idea persisted. He was going to give the Babbs something to do. If they wanted a target, they should have one. In spirit he was climbing Tulula by

those secret paths which he and his clan knew. He saw nothing save the motherly old mountain, with hidden and treacherous foemen in her fastnesses; he heard nothing but the howl of the Shehen "houn' dogs" lamenting the slain.

He would take nothing with him—none of the possessions he had accumulated with frank pride.

"I shan't be needin' much!" he said, a whimsical smile breaking his face for the first time. "I'll fit myself out at Hahdin." He was thinking of his armament.

Summer had given up. After he had unclasped her arms from his neck, she made no further protest. Her pride was wounded to the death. Her world was taken from her—her East, her West, her moon, her sun—as the Gaelic rune has it.

She sank upon a divan, and the tears had dried in her eyes. Berenson went to her.

"There's nothing to be done," he whispered. "I'll call a cab for you. Go home to your mother—to her arms. That's the best place, after all."

She stood up bravely, and he helped her from the room. At the door she turned and gave one backward look. Bill was standing as if turned to stone, but at that glance he threw his long, quivering hands over his face.

"Take her away," he groaned. "Take her away."

So Berenson put her behind the cur-

tained windows of a cab and stood while the vehicle drove down the sunlit street and out of sight.

Then he went back to the mountain-eer. He got him to break bread with him. Bill would take little more—but he drained cup after cup of the black coffee. Then they went together to the station. They barely spoke. There was nothing to say. Berenson had not, for years, felt pain so dragging at the throat, the heart, the head, the feet of him. He was clogged and burdened with it, and at the last had only an impatient desire to have the parting over and be through with the sharper misery.

Bill strode before him, unconsciously taking the long, springing lope of other days. His blue eyes were repulsive, Berenson thought. All the sweetness had gone out of his face. Though for a glimpse it returned, when Berenson, in a swift, uncontrollable emotion, embraced him—this consecrated, mediæval boy, with doom written large upon him. So they parted. Bill stood on the rear platform of the train, tall, grim, uplifted by his hate even more than he had ever been by love. But after all, as Berenson reflected, love lay fiercely at the core even of his hate. The long train swung around the curve with a mournful wail, and Berenson shuddered. It sounded, for all the world, like "Shehens' houn' dogs" with their prophetic howl.

## FRUITION

By EDITH MINITER

The spring seemeth merry  
With bloom of a cherry,  
Yet never a cherry.

The flow'r of the vine  
Is sweeter than wine,  
Yet yieldeth no wine.

When life is in spring  
There's no song to sing,  
Yet fain one would sing.

As life groweth long  
There's voice for no song,  
Yet all know the song.

# WHEN BINGLEY OWNED THE TOWN

By WILBUR DICK NESBIT

Author of "The Trail to Boyland," etc.

"HOTEL, sir?" asked a cabby when Bingley came through the crowd with the rapid steps of one who is not at peace with the world or with himself.

"Not yet. Where's the city hall?"

"Four blocks north and three east. Take you there in five minutes."

"You're on," Bingley said, throwing his gripsack into the cab and getting in after it. For the seven blocks he meditated upon his wrongs. These were tangibly represented by a bundle of the city bonds of Hosterton, which nestled in his grip. All the hundred and fifty miles of the way to Hosterton he had brooded upon his grievances. Beautifully lithographed were the bonds, each with "\$10,000" done in bright green ink across its face. There were ten in all. And they were overdue. The city of Hosterton had defaulted. Hosterton was full of remorse and crying for reform; its treasury had a deficit of monumental emptiness; two of its once leading political lights were sojourning in that vague locality euphoniously termed "parts unknown." And Bradford Bingley, after wearying of heartfelt regrets from the city treasurer, had come in person to see why he could not get his money.

The Bingley who chucked a half-dollar at the cabby and then strode up the steps of the city hall was not the usual Bingley. Ordinarily he was a good-natured, nicely-spoken young man. Ordinarily, however, he had been in the habit of considering these bonds at their par value. He stamped down the corridor until he came to the door marked "City Treasurer." This door he flung open and entered the room. Near a window was a desk and at the desk was a woman—a pretty, young woman. Had Bingley been, as ordinarily he was, in a

pleasant frame of mind, his hat would have come off, he would have bowed gracefully, and he would have apologized for intruding, before stating his business. Not this time, however. His grip thumped to the floor and he approached the desk, asking:

"Where's the city treasurer?"

"Mr. Lilton is out at present," the young woman graciously replied.

"So am I—I mean, where can I find him?"

"I could not tell you, sir. He often goes home about this time of the day, though."

"Goes home?"

"Yes, sir. There is not much business to keep him in the office nowadays."

"There might be if he were here. I came on business."

"I'm sorry he is out. Is there anything I could do?"

"I think not."

"I'm sure he would be glad to attend to any business for you. He—"

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Will you—had you an appointment with him? He is so forgetful. If you had an engagement he will be terribly sorry to have missed you."

"I had none. I doubt whether he would feel badly about it if I had an engagement and he had missed me. He's not the only forgetful man in this town."

The girl's figure was being drawn up stiffly and her lips were setting into straighter and firmer lines at each question and reply. Also, her eyes were flashing dangerously—but Bingley was not noticing anything. He had not even noticed that she had wonderfully lustrous brown-black hair and dark blue eyes, nor that her cheek was the softest pink in the world, except that now and then



it flashed suddenly into a clean, clear red, nor that her neck was round and firm and white, nor that her hands were slender but tolerably plump, nor that—Oh, he just hadn't noticed! Anybody else would have seen all this at a glance and would have been taking supplementary glances to assure himself that his first sight had not deceived him.

"Will you kindly tell me whom I shall say called to see Mr. Lilton?" the girl asked, quietly.

"Yes. Tell him Bradford Bingley is in town."

"Bradford Bingley? The bond man?"

"That describes me. Just say I'm here."

"Why, are you— Pardon me for seeming surprised, but you must know every one in Hosterton has been talking about you, and necessarily we had formed the impression that you were—were—that you were an old, grumpy sort of man—a typical miser, you know."

She was smiling, and when Drusilla Rollins smiled the man who was so favored immediately began trying to think of poetry about pearls and roses. Bradford Bingley, though, was not in a poetical mood.

"I don't exactly fit that description, but the way this town has treated me about the bonds is fast making me over into a pessimistic old man. Tell Mr. Lilton, will you, that I'm at the—what's the best hotel here?"

"The Pudford House."

"I'm at the Pudford House, and I'll come over here to see Mr. Lilton as soon as he comes in. He might 'phone me when he comes back."

"Very well, Mr. Bingley."

He took up his gripsack with a testy air and started out. At the door he stopped, dropped his grip, took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. The girl watched him amusedly from the shelter of her desk. He murmured something to himself, stooped as if to take his

grip once more, but straightened up and walked back to her.

"You'll—you'll pardon me," he began, haltingly, "if I seemed brusque in my speech. I've had a tiresome trip up here, and I had so much on my mind that I'm afraid I forgot the courtesy due you. You'll overlook it, won't you?"

She assured him he was in error in thinking that he had not been perfectly gracious, but he felt inwardly that she was saying so from pure pity of his embarrassment. This time he noticed the hair and the eyes and the cheeks and the fingers.

"You are Mr. Lilton's secretary?" he asked.

"No, sir. I am his niece. When he is away I play at keeping the office for him, and when he is here I help him whenever I can. There isn't much for him to do. Only once in a while does any one come in."

"To pay taxes?" This he asked eagerly.

"Not very often," she smiled.

"I'm much obliged, Miss—Miss—"

"You are entirely welcome. I will give your message to Mr. Lilton."

Feeling that she had rather the better of him, he retreated, this time bowing and not replacing his hat until the door had swung to behind him.

With that mysterious gift which Providence has bestowed upon those destined for such walks in life, the clerk at the Pudford House read Bingley's name upside down, while he was registering, and asked, while looking over the rack for a room to give him:

"Are you Mr. Bingley, the bond man?"

Bingley did not like the smile on the face of the clerk.

"Just because I'm the bond man, as you call me," he snapped, "don't get the notion into your head that I can be jabbed into a dry goods box against the roof and charged bridal chamber rates. I want two good rooms with bath."

The smile left the clerk's face, and Bingley was given the rooms he wanted. Soon he was installed; then his trunk came up, for he had equipped for a long campaign, if necessary. Our hero then had a bath and a shave and put on fresh raiment. All heroes do. Bath, shave and a fresh suit make heroes of us all. None the less, that is what happened, and the facts should be set down, because the Bingley in the changed garb, with his face rested by the shave and his body refreshed from the bath, was a different man. Still, he was as determined as ever that the leaden heel of delinquency should not trample his neck. He lighted a cigar and sat by a window where he got a view of the public square. In the center of the square stood the city hall. From his observation point he could see whoever went into or out of the main entrance. He mused upon the specimens of humanity that ambled up and down or loafed upon the steps, until he saw the girl from the treasurer's office come out. Then he sat up and began to take notice. The tight-fitting jacket and jaunty hat she wore made her even prettier than she had looked in the office. Half-way to the street she met a middle-aged man, who stopped and spoke to her. The man turned and looked over at the Pudford House.

"That must be Lilton," Bingley told himself.

The girl went on. He watched her until she was obscured by the corner of Conway's Mammoth Department Store. The man with whom she had been speaking went into the city hall, and five minutes later emerged, accompanied by three others. They made straight for the hotel. Bingley rang for a boy and sent word to the desk that if Mr. Lilton called to see him he was to be shown right up. Very shortly Lilton and his three companions appeared.

"This is Mr. Bingley, the bond man?" asked Lilton.

Why should they tack on that descrip-

tive phrase every time? Bingley held his temper, and merely nodded.

"Mr. Bingley, this is Mayor Thompson, Mr. Jordan, our city clerk, and Councilman Frimm, chairman of the finance committee. I am Mr. Lilton, the city treasurer."

Bingley shook hands all around, indicated the box of cigars, and told his callers to make themselves at home. A bell-boy who listened in the hallway has since narrated with great effect the snatches of conversation that whizzed from beneath the door of Bingley's apartment. The argument was long and vigorous. Bingley lashed the officials, the city and himself unsparingly. They had no business to sell bonds when they knew they never could redeem them. The officials meekly pointed out that they were not the guilty ones, having been chosen for office subsequent to that unhappy time when Bingley became the good angel of Hosterton. Finally the interview ended.

"What are you folks going to do for me?" Bingley asked.

"What can we do?" asked the four. "There is no money in the treasury."

Bingley's reply is better suppressed.

"But," Lilton soothingly ventured, "the city will be good for the amount of its debt, Mr. Bingley. In time—"

"Good, is it?" the bond man exclaimed. "Good? You bet it's good! I'll just take possession of it until my debt is paid. This town is bankrupt, and I'm the creditor who is going to administer it until he gets his cash."

The four officials did not understand him. They bade him good day and filed out, wondering at the cheerfulness which had come upon him. Bingley lighted a fresh cigar, then observed grimly:

"I'm going to be the current events of this place within twenty-four hours."

Then he got out his bonds, took them down stairs and saw them securely locked in an inner compartment of the hotel safe.

When the mayor arrived at his office the next morning he found Bingley seated at his desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Bingley."

"Good morning. I've come to take possession."

"Take possession?"

"Certainly. Tacitly, I've got a lien on the property of this city. You're the mayor, but I am it. Until I get my money I'm going to own this town."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"You get Lilton and Jordan and Frimm and any of the rest of the administration here, and I'll go into detail. I'm a man of few words and many actions, and I'm out for business this trip. I'm not going to be monkeyed with any longer."

The mayor looked anxiously toward the door, and turned as if to go out, but Bingley stopped him.

"Don't be frightened. I'm not crazy. I'm in full possession of my senses, and want full possession of my money. If my capital has made Hosterton what it is, I've got an equity in it, and I'm here to declare myself. Now, get the other men here and let's come to an understanding."

Thompson sat at his 'phone and called the others up, asking them to come to his office immediately. Jerrold, the city attorney, was the first to arrive. Before the others came Bingley had outlined his plan, and the attorney was gasping with surprise.

"I've heard of a town hall in Maine being seized in that manner," he said, "but never heard of such wholesale work as you propose. Don't you know we can take this matter into the courts?"

"And at the end Hosterton will only be deeper in debt," Bingley replied. "I want my money, that's all. I haven't any use for the town. I only want it as security—and I'm going to have that."

When the others came in they were given an understanding of the situation and of Bingley's audacious plan.

"You can't do it," Hemphill argued. Hemphill was one of the councilmen.

"Watch me," Bingley retorted. "Would you like me to go into court and shake things up with an investigation? Your name is on those bonds, Mr. Hemphill. So's yours, Mr. McGorritty. Do you want history to begin repeating itself out loud? I'm not insinuating anything, but it seems to me there must have been an African gentleman in the woodpile when these bonds were floated."

"But you propose to upheave our city government," protested the mayor.

"Not an upheave. Not a quiver. No, sir. You fellows can go ahead as if nothing had happened, but I'm going to be the power behind the throne, and I'm going to set things on a business basis."

It requires trouble to bring out the best qualities of a man, and the thought of that hundred thousand oozing into nothingness had developed a subliminal capacity to control men and things which Bingley never before dreamed he possessed. Man will fight for love—if the lady is looking on; but he will fight for his money whether he has an audience or not. They talked nearly all the morning, and at the end of the conference the chief of police was called in.

"Mr. Gillan," said the mayor, "this is Mr. Bingley. He is the bond man and—"

"And you will arrest the next person who calls me the bond man," ordered Bingley.

"Pardon me," the mayor said. "Chief, Mr. Bingley, by virtue of his financial support of this municipality, is in control of its resources, so far as money is concerned. While we are all urged to the performance of our duties by that high sense of civic obligation which actuates every true man"—the mayor was a fine campaign speaker—"while we feel the impulses of our inborn fealty to established government, still our salaries must be paid or we can not exist. Mr. Bingley owns the town."



Drawing by F. DeForrest School

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"I'M GOING TO BE THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE, AND I'M GOING TO SET THINGS  
ON A BUSINESS BASIS," SAID BINGLEY

"I'll see that he has a good time," laughed the chief.

"You fail to grasp the idea," the mayor explained. "Mr. Bingley is not a sightseer. He is taking charge of the city government—at least until the city pays him a little matter of one hundred thousand dollars, now long overdue. What he says goes."

"Mr. Bingley is the whole thing?" the chief inquired.

"Actually, not officially. So far as the duties of the city government are concerned, we will continue as we have been, but—"

"But I'm running things," Bingley finished for him.

Under the wing of the chief of police he made a trip to the waterworks station, also through the one city park along the river, and over the city buildings. A detail from the chain gang was set at work scrubbing and cleaning the jail, and another squad took mops and buckets and gave the city hall the first overhauling it had ever had.

"First thing to do, if you want to realize on an investment," Bingley said, "is to put the property in good shape."

After thanking the chief for his kindness, and leaving him at his office in the jail building, Bingley strolled through the city hall and stopped at the door marked "City Treasurer." The pretty young woman was again at the desk, and Mr. Lilton was this time in the office.

"Looks like another room, doesn't it, Mr. Bingley?" asked the city treasurer, indicating the spotless floor and the shining windows. Bingley had instructed the boss of the chain gang to clean this room first of all.

"It looks better, that's true," Bingley agreed.

"My niece, Miss Drusilla Rollins," the treasurer said. "Drusilla, this is Mr. Bingley."

Miss Rollins wore a more fetching suit than the one of the day before, but she could not have improved upon her hair

and her eyes and her cheeks and her hands. Bingley asked if he might sit down. Lilton handed him a chair, and he began to redeem himself with Drusilla. But, while her manner toward him was civil and courteous, underlying her words and her attitude there seemed to be a sentiment of dislike. Bingley reasoned that this was brought about by the unpleasant first impression he had made, and did his best to retrieve himself. Still he felt that he could not make any headway. He rose and said he must be going.

"Do you expect to be in town very long?" Lilton asked.

"I can not tell, I'm glad to say," Bingley replied, looking pleasantly at Drusilla, who received this information with much unconcern.

"Drop in often," Lilton invited.

"I'll have to. Got to keep my finger on the public pulse, you know."

"The public pulse, you mean," Lilton laughed, sagely.

Bingley hesitated for a moment. Clearly he was awaiting some further words from Lilton or Drusilla.

"If you have nothing better to do of evenings—there isn't much going on in town now," Lilton said, hospitably, "come down and see us at the house any time."

"I'm a stranger in a strange land," Bingley began, when Lilton said:

"And you seem to think you have been taken in."

"But that was before I came. Whether I continue taken in or not remains to be seen."

"Yes. Well, good afternoon, if you must go. Don't forget to drop in at the house to see us."

"I'm afraid the people here will be gathering an unpleasant opinion of me," Bingley observed; "but you know business is business."

"Oh, they won't think too hardly of you."

"I'm glad of that. Good day."

"Good day. Come down and see us."



"Thank you. I shall be apt to call almost any evening, because the Pudford House is not a happy spot for me at night. It's too quiet."

When he was gone Drusilla said:

"Uncle, Mr. Bingley will think you were awfully forward in pressing him so strongly to call. One would almost think you wanted him to see—to see—"

"Well, he's a nice fellow, anyhow."

Bingley became at once the busiest man who had ever been in Hosterton. He entered enthusiastically into his rôle, overriding protests and browbeating those who sought to oust him. He impressed upon everybody that he was a business man, was there for business reasons, and that so long as he was deprived of his one hundred thousand dollars he was going to run things in a business way.

"It ain't," said one of the leading citizens to an interested group in the lobby of the Pudford House, "it ain't that he isn't putting municipal affairs on a business basis, but it's the dodging looks of the thing! Looks as if we'd ought to have done long ago just what he is doing."

What he was doing was simple enough. He was lopping off expenses; he was making city employes do their work or be dropped from the payroll; he was seeing to it that every cent which could be saved was put into the treasury, and that not a cent was spent without full return. His method was the unusual and unexpected—but never the unnecessary, unless we except the severest shock he gave to the citizens. This was one evening when he was at fire department headquarters, and a "still" alarm came in by telephone.

"Where is the fire?" he asked the chief, when that worthy turned from the telephone and started for his wagon.

"Frimm's."

"Wait. Don't make the run until I tell you to go."

Taking up the receiver, he heard Frimm still making earnest appeals for haste.

"Mr. Frimm?" he broke in.

"Yes. My house is—"

"I know. This is Bingley. Say, Frimm, when did you pay your taxes the last time?"

"What's that got to do with it? My house is afire!"

"Your taxes are delinquent for three years. How do you expect us to give you protection if you don't support the city?"

"Great heavens, Bingley! This is no time to—"

"It's the very time, sir. Will you settle your delinquent taxes to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes! Hurry up! The roof is—"

"Let 'em go, chief!"

Next day a score of delinquents, who had heard of Frimm's experience, visited the treasurer's office and squared accounts. Bingley called during the afternoon, and expected to find Drusilla pleased with him. On the contrary, there was a reproachful expression in her eyes. Determined to know what was causing this barrier of chilliness, he asked:

"Miss Rollins, will you please tell me why you do not like me?"

"That is an odd question."

"But it is a sensible one. It seems to me that you have had a dislike for me since the first day I came here. Is it because I took hold of things here as I have?"

"Why, Mr. Bingley, your business affairs can have no concern for me. You have no right to say that I dislike you."

"Well, I hope I'm mistaken. Somehow I had formed the idea that you had a very slight opinion of me. I should be sorry if that were true."

"Laying that aside, Mr. Bingley, don't you think this proclamation of yours in to-day's papers, announcing a bargain day in police court, is sufficient to lower you in almost any one's esteem?"

Bingley started with surprise. He had advertised that all who were brought before the magistrate for trial on Tuesday, provided the charge would be simple intoxication, would be let off with a fine of one dollar and no costs or imprisonment.

"Why," he asked, "what's wrong with that proclamation?"

"Can you ask? You said you intended to make Hosterton a better place, and here you are offering inducements to the young men and old men—to all the men—to become intoxicated."

"On Monday night only," he remarked, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, it's just terrible! It's just as bad on Monday night as on any other."

"I should think a girl as bright and clever as you would have seen the point of that proclamation at once."

"Of course I can, and I do. Aunt Lilton and I talked it over after breakfast this morning. She said she really had grown to like you, since you had called at the house, but that this put you in an entirely different light. You want more men to get drunk so that there will be more fines paid in and more money in the treasury to pay you your hateful old claim! It is sordid—and wicked!"

Those beautiful dark blue eyes, which have been mentioned in a foregoing paragraph, gleamed indignantly.

"Just a minute," Bingley begged, as she turned away from him. "Now, it's as plain as day, if you understand it. All these men have been getting drunk Saturday night. Why? Because they are paid off then, and they know they do not have to work Sunday. Very well. If they fall off the water wagon Monday night and are unable to work Tuesday, somebody else will get their places and their jobs will be gone. Result: Nobody gets drunk Monday night, and my Tuesday bargain inducements in the police court are a failure."

The next Tuesday the only penitent before the magistrate was an individual who had walked into town, and who had

acquired his hilarity by begging nickels on the street and spending them at places which offered "Chicago bowls for five cents." As an indirect result of the police court bargain day Bingley also could see that there was a slight softening in Drusilla's attitude toward him; but still she seemed to regard him with a sort of semi-suspicion that he could not fathom.

There were certain of the elders of the city who did not view his usurpation of their rights and privileges with calmness. They had set about to undo him, and at last they played their biggest trump. A committee went from Hosterton to the state capitol and called on the governor. He had been awaiting a visit from just such a committee.

Now the governor had won his nomination in a contest against one of Hosterton's favorite sons, and the favorite son had gone home from the convention with a smile on his face and a long, keen knife in his sleeve. When the governor, as a candidate, spoke in Hosterton, the crowd was not only slim but unmannerly, and a choice selection of carrots, cabbages and other testimonials of disregard had been passed toward him by some parties beyond the fringe of the gathering. From this one may form a conception of the tender sympathy with which the governor viewed the plight of Hosterton. When the spokesman of the committee had concluded his exposition of the case, the governor was asked:

"What would you advise us to do?"

The governor tugged at his mustache to hide a smile. Apparently he was turning the situation over in his mind. At last he spoke:

"Bingley bought the bonds?"

"Oh, yes. He bought them."

"Hosterton got the money?"

"Well, you see, the way things were running at that time—"

"Never mind that. The bonds were issued by the city of Hosterton?"

"Yes."

"Then, if I were the city of Hosterton, and I owed a man money, and he came around and seized my property and bossed me all over the shop, as you say this man Bingley is doing, I should immediately—I repeat it, immediately!—take the quickest step to get rid of him."

The members of the committee chirked up. Here was solace and comfort. Bingley should be shown a thing or two. He'd see that he could not jump in and domineer over Hosterton.

"What step do you have in mind, Governor?" asked one of the committeemen.

"I'd pay the man and tell him to get off my premises."

When the committee arrived at Hosterton it was greeted with the information that Bingley had said he was going to hire a cashier and install a cash-carrier system from all the offices to his desk.

On the day that Bingley began talking about converting the empty jail into a ten-cent lodging-house for the unfortunate—which was the next day after he issued orders that people who were four years delinquent in taxes should not be permitted to walk or drive in the city park because it was not their property—on that day there arose a howl of execration. Bingley was making the city a byword among its sisters. Pert paragraphers all over the country had rung the changes on Hosterton's plight, and all attempts to induce the state officials to do something, to sue for an injunction, or call out the troops, or to arrest Bingley for treason, or whatever he might be committing, had failed. Yet, with success perching on his banner, with fame walking at his side, he had not been in good humor for more than a week. That indefinable shadow still spread its palpable shape between him and Drusilla. What it was and why it was there he could not understand. He could not have defined it, but her half-concealed hauteur toward him, and the way she

covertly studied him, filled him with worry—more worry than even the unpaid bonds had ever been able to give him. He was satisfied with the situation in the municipality. But he was dissatisfied with the situation as regarded Miss Rollins. This dissatisfaction may have been the reason for his listening without impatience to the one hundred and tenth invitation to talk the bond matter over and see if some satisfactory settlement could not be reached. This time the invitation did not come from the city officials. It was from Jethro Wiggs, the leading banker of Hosterton. Jethro had come to the conclusion that credits were being impaired. Bingley went to the bank and was shown into the directors' room. There he found Lilton, Thompson, Frimm and others of the city administration, and the directors of the bank.

"Mr. Bingley," Wiggs asked, "isn't there some way to straighten this financial tangle between you and the city?"

"Yes, sir. The minute the money is put in my hands I shall drop control of the place."

It was the same old stone wall. But this time Jethro Wiggs made a gap in it.

"I can understand," he said, "that Mr. Bingley, not having witnessed the growth of Hosterton from a village to a city, lacks that confidence in the good faith of the municipality which I have. Taking everything into consideration, I am willing to advance the money to efface the debt to him, pro—"

The city officials jumped to shake his hand.

"Wait a minute," he continued. "I was about to say, provided that in addition to the bonds being transferred to me I am given personal security by responsible persons that the money I thus advance will be repaid to me, with interest, at the expiration of three years, in the event that the city is still unable to meet the obligation."

Thompson and Lilton went out, made

a tour of the business houses, and returned within an hour with the security Wiggs demanded. Bingley sighed with relief, and went immediately to the hotel to get the bonds. Half an hour later the bonds were in Jethro Wiggs' private safe and the hundred thousand dollars, in the form of a draft, was handed to Bingley. From the bank he went straight to Lilton's and asked for Drusilla. His elation over his triumph was dissipated by her continued coolness toward him.

"Miss Rollins," he begged, after some time of monosyllabic chat, "before I leave Hosterton, won't you please tell me what it is that you seem to hold against me?"

"Mr. Bingley, how old are you?"

"Thirty years—and eight months and ten days," he said, with forced lightness.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

She did not say. She resumed questioning him.

"Did you ever know a girl named Drusilla Moore?"

When she asked this she watched him closely, as if she expected to see him flinch guiltily.

"Drusilla Moore? Never knew any person of that name."

"How can you be so deceitful?"

She was on the verge of tears.

"My dear girl, if you will only be good enough to tell me what in the world you mean, I shall be delighted—or at least satisfied."

"Well," she began, as if reading an indictment, "my mother's name was Drusilla Moore." Again she watched his face, but, aside from an air of bewilderment, it had no unusual expression. "She lived here when a girl, and she had two suitors—one was Henry Rollins, and the other was Bradford Bingley!"

A smile flickered and faded on his lips.

"She refused the hand of Bradford Bingley, and he left Hosterton vowing

revenge. Now, Mr. Bingley, Aunt Lilton told me all about this the very day you came here, and we have come to the conclusion that your idea to own the town and to force payment of those bonds was part of your plan to pay back Drusilla Moore."

"But that Bradford Bingley," he urged, repressing a smile, "would be an older man than I. I am, you know, only thirty—"

"Bradford Bingley—that Bradford Bingley,' as you call him, was five years younger than my mother. His love for her was—was—'calf love,' Aunt Lilton calls it. Besides, there are such things as hair dyes and all that."

Now Bingley began laughing. He laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and all the while Drusilla stared at him in amazement. When he could control himself he said:

"Listen. Bradford Bingley was my uncle. I had forgotten that once he lived here. Probably he never spoke of it, for the reasons that you have outlined. He married early in life, and he made money. He died when I was twenty-five years old. I had been named for him. For several years before his death he made his home in California, and he left me one hundred thousand dollars. This I invested in the bonds of Hosterton; and tried to make a living practising law. The hundred thousand was, and is, practically all of my fortune. That is why I was so determined to get it back."

This time she wept.

"I knew it wasn't true, what Aunt Lilton said," she sobbed, dropping her head upon her arm, which rested on the back of the divan. And Bradford Bingley, with a twitching of the lips which may have been emotion and may have been merriment, came over to her and patted her cheek—that wonderfully pink cheek, whereof mention has been made—and by and by smiles chased the tears away, and Bingley was stumbling

through a question and she, rosy with a lovely embarrassment, was faltering out a "Yes."

City Treasurer Lilton slapped Bingley on the shoulder and said that he was proud he was going to have such a nephew. Mrs. Lilton kissed the pair of them and declared that it was perfectly

lovely, for here were Bradford and Drusilla reunited.

"But," said Lilton, nudging Bingley in the ribs, "you don't own the town any longer, remember."

"No," Bingley asserted, "I own the whole world, now."

But there are times when one arm may encircle the whole world.

## BEREFT

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Death took away from me my heart's desire,—  
Full suddenly, without a word of warning;  
Froze with benumbing touch her body's fire,  
And darkened her young morning.

Death hid her then where she is safe, men say,—  
Imprisoned in a deep-digged grave and hollow,  
Where grief and pain may never find a way,  
Nor any torment follow.

Safe!—and because of fear, they deem 'twas best  
For her, perchance,—this thing which they call dying,  
But cold she could not be against my breast  
As there where she is lying!

Sometimes I dream, with sudden, wild delight,  
That she escapes the cruel bonds that bind her,  
And fond I seek through all the throbbing night,  
But never, never find her!

Sometimes— But have the dead then no regrets?—  
Ah, me! I think, though she hath so bereft me,  
My loved one can not be where she forgets  
How *lonely* she hath left me!



MEN  
WOMEN AND  
AFFAIRS

## OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS  
THE ARTS AND  
THE DRAMA

SOBERED by the dawning perception of her own maturing charms, vibrant with life, warming toward the fruition of the year, cometh June, with the dew of summer night in her hair and her apron full of roses. She reunites a continent divided by the caprices of the winds and the partiality of the sun. The winter locks up the North in snow and ice, fills the far Northwest with mist and rain, but leaves a fringe of mock-summer along the Gulf, and a spot of golden sunshine among the Missions and orange groves of the Coast. Autumn wraps the North in the dream and haze and witchery of Indian summer, while the South burns in the fervors of a summer wearing out her welcome. Spring surprises the world of winter with caprices and wiles that lure to indiscretions and then nip with frowns, charming with dear, uncertain delights unknown to South or Golden West. But June is the marriage month, the time of matings, and the whole great land joins hands in the mystic rites of the Communion of Flowers. The magnolia and orange blossom, the scarlet buckeye and glimmering dogwood are gone, and so are the wind-flower, the trailing arbutus, the pale blue woolly anemone of the prairies, the yuccas of the deserts. But everywhere are roses. They flame from the porches in the land of the crimson rambler, and they dispute with the trumpet-vine and honeysuckle the spacious *galleries* of the South. June, she who brings for one sweet moon the roving hearts of the four quarters of the nation into one mysterious fraternity of fructification, pours out her lapfuls of roses, and bids the world to its nuptials. And with eyes shining as in the days of Eleusis, the world responds.

IN our March issue we referred to "hasty judgment" as one of our chief national faults, and in evidence cited the report on the Panama Canal made by Mr. Poultney

Bigelow "after twenty-eight hours on the Isthmus." Below we print with permission and pleasure Mr. Bigelow's reply to our criticism, in as far as it relates to him. In addition to being many other interesting things, Mr. Bigelow is a proud and honored member of the Roosevelt Ananias Club. We are glad to "give the devil his due."

To the Editor of THE READER:

In yours of March, 1907, you say that "An instance of this snap-shot judgment was the scathing report made by Mr. Bigelow on the Panama Canal after twenty-eight hours' stay. . . ."

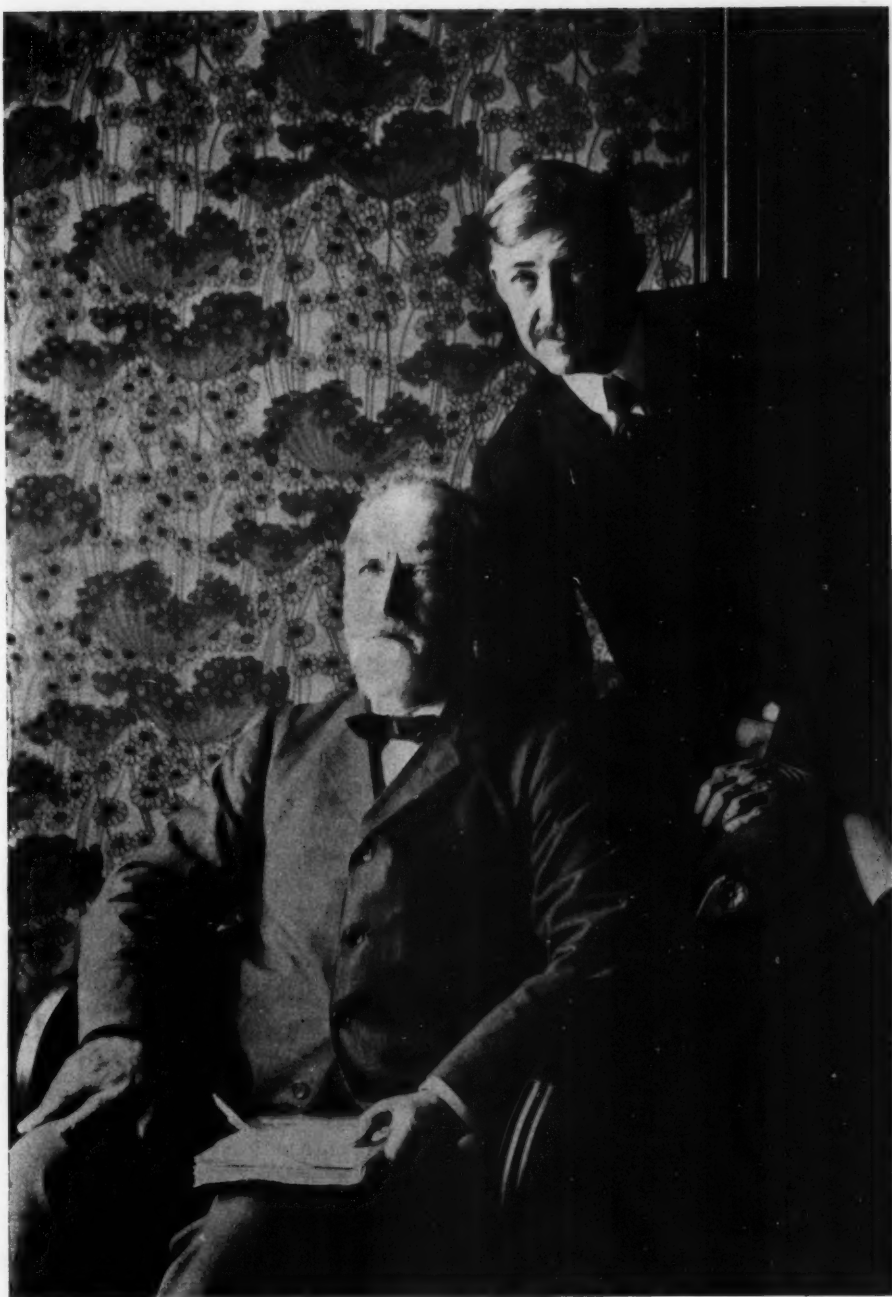
My visits to the isthmus were two—one of two days, the other of six weeks.

Before visiting Panama I had visited every island of the Caribbean in the study of labor conditions.

Before visiting the Caribbean I had spent the better part of twenty years in the study of colonial administration and tropical labor throughout the eastern world, no less than Africa and our own hemisphere.

Please give the devil his due, for I am, yours truly,  
POULTNEY BIGELOW.  
Malden-on-Hudson, St. Patrick's Day, 1907.

WHEN Mr. William T. Stead speaks, it is well to listen—and carefully consider whether he is right or wrong. He is a very useful citizen of the world, and very often he is quite right in his utterances. In his pilgrimage about the world as the apostle of universal peace he should have the respect of every man who wishes the world well; and his preachments assay as high in the gold of truth as any he has ever given out. His passionate denunciations of the newspapers, which blare abroad every incident in international relations that can by any possibility be exaggerated into the semblance of a *casus belli*, were just indeed. We have a newspaper in this country which claims the



From stereograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

**WILLIAM T. STEAD (SEATED), EDITOR OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS OF LONDON, AND HIS ASSOCIATE,  
DR. ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS**

At the National Arbitration and Peace Congress recently held in New York City, Mr. Stead proposed that nations declaring war against each other shall submit to a delay of thirty or sixty days between the declaration of war and the beginning of actual hostilities, so that further peaceable consideration of the *casus belli* may be possible.

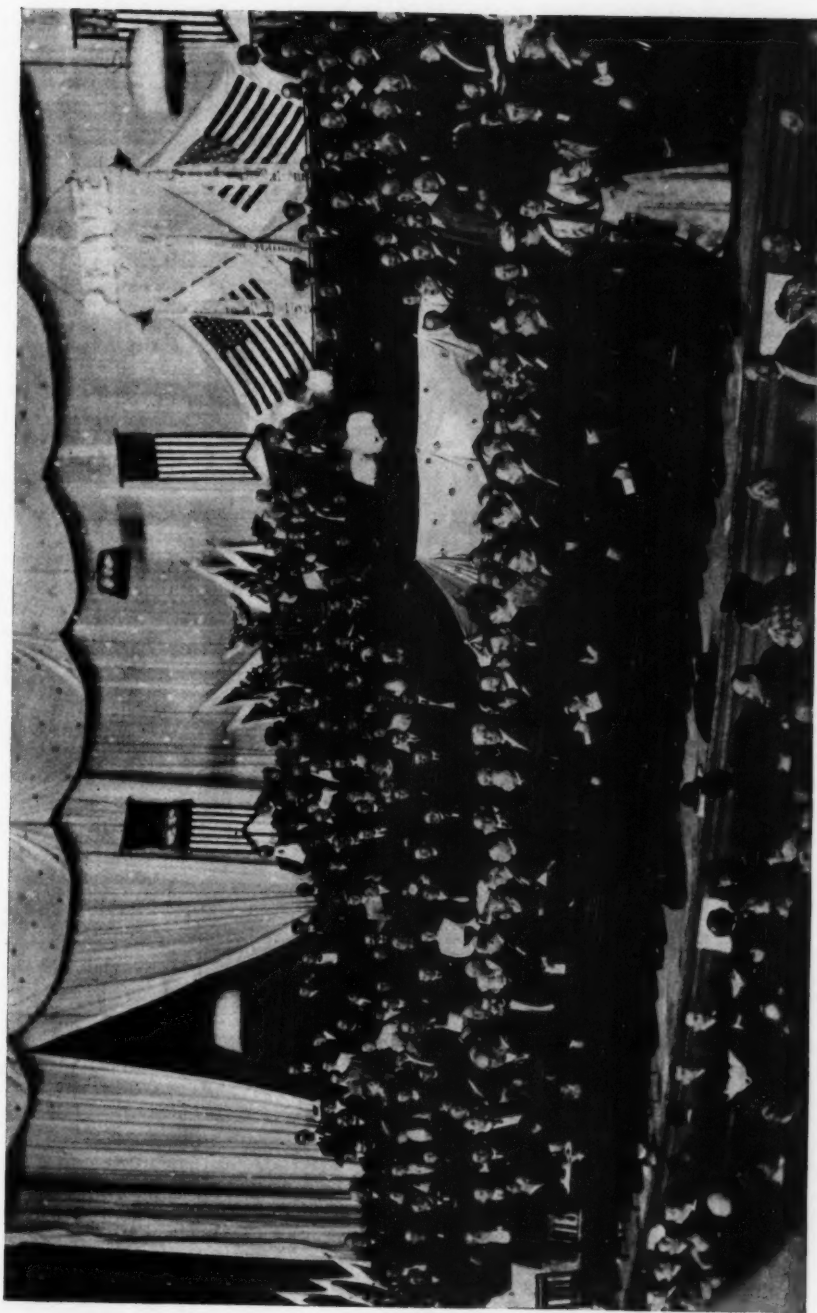
"credit" of causing the war with Spain. All over the world, where the press is free, the unbridled license of newspapers in publishing, in its most irritating form, "news" of such things as the Japanese-school-children incident in San Francisco, and that without much regard to the truth or falsehood of their statements, is recognized by diplomats as among the greatest of dangers to peace. Wars now grow from popular passions rather than deliberate plans of rulers. Mr. Stead suggested that laws might be framed to punish malicious and reckless publications of this sort. Freedom of the press consists, not in liberty to publish anything and everything without penalty, but in the right to publish under penalty if the publication be illegal. Were a newspaper to print stories calculated to provoke breaches of the peace between private individuals, the publications would be criminal libels. It seems monstrous that the deliberate sowing of the seeds of war between peoples is beyond the reach of the laws which punish the inciting to private brawls. Mr. Stead's suggestion seems worthy of consideration.

**P**OLITICS in England does not often contain such surprises as is shown in the sudden prominence of Augustine Birrell. Out of office after serving obscurely for eleven years in the House of Commons, this literary man and barrister takes his place in the Liberal government as Secretary for Ireland, and emerges from the gloom of his law chambers and library to become the most prominent man of his day in politics. There have been many secretaries for Ireland, but Birrell was chosen at a time when the chances were exceptionally good for the Liberal government to carry out its schemes.

Having accomplished the almost herculean task of putting the educational bill through the House of Commons, the secretary is now laboring to succeed with the home rule bill. Should this also pass, Birrell stands a very fair chance of high preferment if the Liberals continue in power.

He is by temperament cut out for a literary life, or for that of a successful barrister, and he has achieved success in both these lines, but apparently he has other resources. His mind is of the facile order, and it is not in the least unlikely that he will, as statesman, outshine himself as writer and barrister.

**I**F Professor Ravenstein, of the Royal Geographical Society, is correctly quoted by the press, he has recently published calculations as to the capacity of the earth in regard to population which are as interesting as the deductions of Dr. Meslier concerning the birth-rate. Ravenstein limits the capacity of the earth to twenty-seven to the square mile for lands classed as "fertile," ten for "steppe" lands, and one for "deserts," and thus finds room for six billions of people, or four times the present population. He estimates that at present rates of increase the pews will all be taken in A. D. 2072, or only one hundred and sixty-five years from date. Doubtless this underestimates the planet's accommodations, but it raises some mighty questions. When the pinch for room comes, will there not be some such frantic struggle among the nations for space as that in the Black Hole of Calcutta for air? Will the bitter need for land be met by the strong hand of those in control of it, or will the existence of a common right to the earth's use be forced into recognition? President Roosevelt has said that the advanced nations of the world can not disarm so long as those less advanced remain girded for battle. We may sadly admit the truth of this. The moral attitude of Japan is yet to be established. China is just beginning to experiment with real military prowess. The great masses of blacks and browns and yellows are either dormant or slowly feeling their way to a real place in the world in constitutions and reforms like that of Persia. The whites, having been ravagers and robbers for ages, in the name of the Prince of Peace, and having seized most of the good lands, are reaching the point where disarmament is within the bounds of serious discussion—when the word is passed that the pinch for standing-room on earth is almost upon us. The best use of the earth is not to be arrived at except by peace and justice; but disarmament is one of the measures looking toward peace which must follow and not precede the reign of peace in human hearts. Universal peace is the fruit of universal civilization. The world is not yet civilized. The present time may be one in which it is safe to lay down our arms; but he is optimistic indeed who sees no need for us to keep up the traditions of soldiership and knowledge and skill in all the arts of war.



From stereograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

# LAST DAY OF THE RECENT NATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE CONGRESS AT NEW YORK CITY

Among the speakers standing from left to right is Captain Hobson; Edward Everett Hale, talking with Baron d'Estournelles de Constant; Señor Mendosa; Hon. J. W. Foster; Hon. W. J. Bryan; Hon. Richard Bartholdt; Hon. Seth Lowe; John Barrett; Ambassador Creel of Mexico; Judge Morrow; "Maarten Maartens"; Dr. Richard; Samuel Gompers; Marcus W. Marks; Dr. S. T. Dutton; and George Foster Peabody.

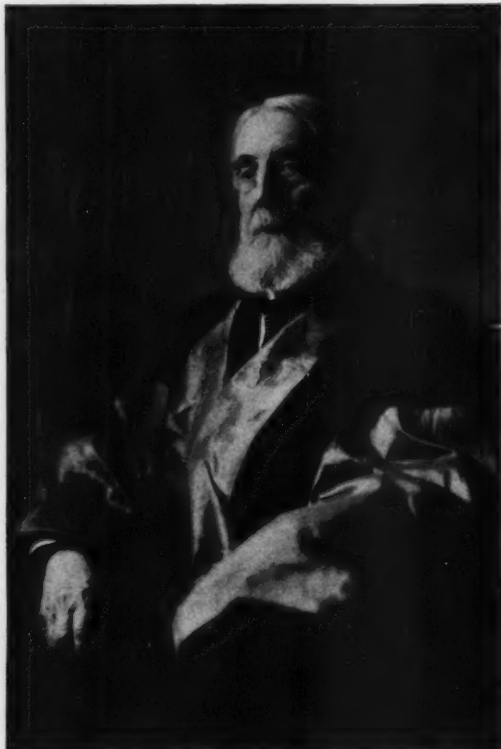
IN accepting our membership in the Hague conference, to be held this summer, our government reserves the right to submit two special questions, one of which is the matter of limiting nations in the use of force in collecting "ordinary public debts accruing from contracts." This will bring before the great peace tribunal the Drago doctrine, which denies the right of any power to use guns in collecting money.

The president and the secretary of state are to be commended for this humane and enlightened action. Let the great powers confront calmly the question of how many coins are worth one human life. Let the Hague tribunal weigh the overdue coupon against the blood of men. It will give the historian of the future a measure of our civilization.

Once America occupied a higher position on this question than has recently been hers. Not until the commercialization of our public sentiment since the war did an American secretary of state ever admit the right of a nation to use its army or navy as a debt-collection agency. There is no moral justification for it. Imprisonment for debt is barbarous. Killing for debt, savage. So would any one say in private affairs. The reasoning that finds the case otherwise in public matters is casuistry.

Let the purchaser of bonds and the creditor of the weaker nation or its people look to his security. Let him invoke no more drastic agencies for making his claim than

the law gives him against his fellow-citizen. If he loses, let him pocket his losses. Since when did it become proper for the government to insure its citizens dealing abroad against losses? It is a good thing to see, when reawakened conscience examines again the relative importance of the man and the ledger-balance, and places each where it belongs.



ANDREW D. WHITE (D. C. L., Oxon.)

The distinguished authority on international law, member of the International Peace Conference opening its deliberations at The Hague this month.

and his views in the premises are worth consideration. In an interview recently accorded by him on his return from the Caribbean, he said that he regarded the Cuban question as more serious than the Philippine problem. This agrees with the statement of Admiral Dewey, made nearly ten years ago, that the Filipino is better able to govern himself than the Cuban. "Cuba," said Dr. White, "is a great negro state, incapable of self-govern-

THE future status of Cuba demands more and more attention as the months pass, bringing to an end our government of intervention. Secretary Taft recently reasserted the fact that the policy of the administration is to restore the republic as soon as possible. The disquieting thing in the case, for those who oppose the annexation of the island, is the underlying assumption in public comments that annexation must follow a second failure of the Cubans to govern themselves as we believe they should, or to maintain orderly conditions. One of the wisest men in America is Andrew D. White,



ment. Everything I saw strengthens my conviction that Cuba as a state would be a curse to us—a vast rotten borough with few healthy men."

The American who would admit such a population into the sisterhood of states possesses a temerity that amounts to foolhardiness. The other alternatives are two—annexation without statehood, and the policy of keeping hands off, save in the way of unselfish guidance. Cuba would be forever restive and turbulent—and rightly so—as a territory or subject province. She sent her legislators to the Cortes of Spain for centuries. We must not assume a permanent position toward her more oppressive in form than was Spain's. It may be well for us to habituate ourselves to the expectation of remaining the helper of independent Cuba.

THE German Emperor is a wonderful man, but his power stops short before some things. He has painted pictures, but the critics pronounced them extraordinarily bad. He wrote an opera with the aid of an Italian composer and produced it at an enormous cost, but the critics damned it cheerfully; and now he has imported Beerbohm Tree to act Shakespeare in Berlin, but the English star, in spite of imperial favor, was received with icy politeness by the critics. They

call him awkward in action, uncouth in speech, and fantastic in his conception of the poet's meaning. They say he and his company used methods which German actors discarded sixty years ago, and that the histrionic visitors were altogether unworthy.

There is in this last incident much more

than resentment against the Kaiser's attempt to force an artist of his choice upon the public. There is even something more in it than the German's present antipathy toward the English, although that goes a long way. But the Germans have always looked upon Shakespeare as a "find" of their own. They even claim that they discovered and revealed him to the rest of the world, and that the English have them to thank for a first appreciation of their colossal genius. They point with pride to the stupendous list of critical works on the bard, and to the fact that their critics have analyzed him and diluted his meaning to the last attenuation, and split critical hairs



MISS GRACE GEORGE

Appearing in "Divorcons" and "The Lady from the Sea"

to infinitesimal parts, in order to resolve the last *nuance* and shade of meaning. There is nothing left unwritten about Shakespeare by the Germans. There is a whole library written in speculation as to the character of the husband of Juliet's nurse. The color of Ann Hathaway's eyes has been settled beyond a peradventure; and there was a time when

the German nation was fairly split over the mental phases of Hamlet.

This being the case, it is small marvel that they receive with disdain an English—a mere English—actor's interpretation of Richard II.

THE election of a national assembly for the Philippines has been appointed for July 30, and we read of party intrigues and factional contentions in the islands. They do not seem any worse than our own political squabbles, but, notwithstanding this, we Americans are quite prone to accept them as evidences of Filipino incapacity for self-government. They are different from our factional contests, and have therefore most sinister and revolutionary implications. There is the "Progress" party and the "Independence" party, and both are said to talk for or against the American sovereignty, as the local sentiment may seem to require. This is

taken among the candid and straightforward politicians of America as evidence of the Oriental deviousness of the Filipinos. Moreover, there is whispered a suggestion that a pro-Japanese party has sprung up, and, under the lead of a certain Dominador Gomez, has formed an oath-bound society, with a seal showing the clasped hands of Filipinos and Japanese.

There is no good reason why we should shiver with horror at these things, or why Dominador Gomez and those who believe with him should not work for union of the Philippines with Japan, if they deem it for the good of the islands. Many things may be said in favor of it. Japan is close at hand. Its population is more nearly affiliated to the Filipino ethnically than is ours. It has many common interests. Japan has strength and governing ability. She needs a place for her surplus population. It might be a good thing for both countries.



Copyright, 1907, by The National Press Association of Washington, D. C.

THE HONORABLE ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY-OF STATE

Whose activities have done much toward good feeling between this country, Cuba, and other Latin American nations



WAR SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF FOREIGN POWERS IN HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA,  
ASSEMBLING FOR THE GREATEST NAVAL DISPLAY IN HISTORY,  
AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Of course, there are the "interests of the United States" to keep in mind. But, at bottom, what are these interests? The islands were annexed in a moment of national exaltation of spirit through mixed motives of sense of duty, desire for conquest and national egomania. There has never been a single good sensible reason for their retention a moment longer than the time necessary for their reorganization and pacification. They are a source of national danger. They bring to us not one solitary benefit. Wise statesmanship should regard with favor the development of any public sentiment in the islands promising an agreement among the Filipinos themselves as to the future of the archipelago along lines which will take us out of the place forever and end our responsibility. A serious disagreement with Japan, or with the regenerated China of fifty years hence, would be a calamity outweighing as a thousand to one any benefit, if any can be imagined, which we can by any possibility obtain from the possession of the Philippines. If there is any important party in the islands favorable to Japanese annexation,

we should wish it well; and when the time comes that it shall rule Filipino public sentiment, we should help it in carrying out its ambitions. The time has arrived when the fever of Kiplingesque jingoism may well give way to calm and patriotic temperance, and the application of the principles of democracy to our brethren in the Philippines.

ONE of the things that particularly grieves the Person Who Knows is the attitude of superiority which many uninteresting human beings hold toward the person with the artistic temperament. There are a good many forms of envy in the world, and one of the most prevalent is that which the usual person feels toward the unusual. Let a man be suspected of genuine talent, and instantly a sort of espionage is set over him by less favored folk. He is suspected of irregularities; it is assumed that he will not have a sense of responsibility; his loves are regarded as unstable; and nice young girls are warned not to marry him. It is true that some actors, artists, musicians and writers have been eccentric in their lives, but then so

have some bankers, attorneys, clergymen, grocers and hardware men. To offset this constitutional caprice in a proportion of the art producers is the continuity of purpose of a great army of workers with whom their profession forever stands paramount. The Per-



LORD MELVILLE

In command of the English Fleet, representing Great Britain at the Jamestown Exposition Naval Reviews

son Who Knows can affirm that for one time when a prima donna, with jangled nerves, betrays her manager and her public, there are a hundred times when she will be faithful under the greatest difficulties. Mrs. Theodore Thomas once bore witness in public to the devotion of musicians to their duty, and among many interesting instances of such fidelity told the story of one 'cello player who, in spite of a severe illness, faithfully attended all rehearsals. Finally, on the night of the concert, he failed to appear. He was sent for, and was found face downward on his bed, dead, his instrument in its case lying on the floor beside him. He had, in a desperate effort to occupy the place he had

filled for many years, fallen dead of heart failure—the adjunct of the pneumonia from which he was suffering.

A man of similar sense of responsibility has just passed away in New York. His name was Frederick Bergner—"Der alte Bergner" his fellow members of the Philharmonic Society were wont to call him. For fifty years Mr. Bergner was associated with this society, and it is said that he served it in more ways, assisted it through more crises, and held higher standards for it than any other man ever associated with it during its sixty-four years of activity. Its very existence at the present day is, perhaps, the result of his undiminished enthusiasm during a critical time, when the society was in danger of dissolution. In addition to his work in this organization, he was a well-known teacher of the 'cello, and was one of a famous quartet in which Theodore Thomas and William Mason were members. Mr. Bergner had cordial invitations extended to him to tour Europe, but he was a devotee of "little old New York." He liked its haunts, its ways, its people. Probably no other applause would have sounded quite so sweet to him as the plaudits of his old friends. Moreover, money did not particularly interest him. He would have considered it unspeakably offensive to measure artistic ability by the money it would earn. He loved his art, and he loved the young who brought enthusiasm to it. He was not disturbed by failure either in himself or others. Art endured, and was to be humbly and perpetually served. The vicissitudes that attended her service were merely the accidents of the road. Honest, simple, straightforward, enthusiastic, disinterested, beautifully credulous as to the nobility and talent of others, he reached his eightieth year under circumstances which might well awaken the generous envy of men who would scorn to possess the "artistic temperament."

When, three years ago, he resigned, after half a century of membership, from the Philharmonic Society, he was made an honorary member and given a silver laurel wreath. His friends outside of the society presented him with a silver loving cup containing three thousand dollars in gold coin, and made provision for a pension for him as long as he lived.

This fine old German-American is not ex-

ceptional, except in the years he numbered and the talent he possessed. Every great musical society has such members; the publishers know that many of their most popular authors are men and women of just such faithfulness; the studios, large and small, humble and celebrated, see, constantly, similar devotion to art. Really, the inartistic have not, as they too frequently suppose, a monopoly of virtues.

IT is said that the sheds and yards of many of the London automobile factories are crowded with vehicles which the police refuse to license because of the noise they make when in motion. The papers refer to "the noisesome autobus problem," and the correspondence columns contain many letters from persons protesting against the turmoil of streets infested with the petroleum machines. So insistent has the objection been that the companies have sensibly set themselves to the making of steam and electric cars and busses—both of which are, in their best development, almost noiseless.

ABOUT nine months after Harry Thaw killed Stanford White in New York City, and after a trial lasting several months, the jury in the case disagreed, and the whole nasty mess will have to be threshed out again in the fall. It is roughly estimated that the trial has cost about three hundred thousand dollars, of which one-quarter will have to be paid by the state for the prosecution.

The criminal suits resulting from the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago did not come to trial for about three years and a half after that holocaust. The delay was caused by the lawyers for the defense, who played for delay whenever they could get it. The trial itself did not take long, but the chief defendant was acquitted.

Some other murder, manslaughter and conspiracy cases have been still further drawn out, and have only come to trial after hundreds of talesmen were rejected, and at a tremendous cost to the public.

Contrast the Thaw trial with that of Raymer, the man who slew Whitely in London, January 24 last. He was brought to trial by March 22, and, in spite of an allegation of his insanity and of a sensational scandal in the case, the trial was all over in five hours and he was sentenced to be hanged. By rea-

son of popular clamor the king has commuted the murderer's sentence to life imprisonment.

Which is better: the wordy torrents of eloquence by attorneys for the defense and the half-perjured testimony of alleged experts muddling the jury's brains, or the clear-sighted decision of the English court which



CAPTAIN ZIMMERMANN

In command of *S. M. S. Koon* of the Imperial German Navy, representing Germany at the Jamestown Exposition Naval Reviews.

brings the case to trial in two months, sweeps aside everything irrelevant to the charge, bars out all inconsequential testimony, and brings the trial to a close before sundown of the day it started?



A MAN in Oskaloosa, Iowa, has been suspected of insanity because he has called for a band of apostles to evangelize the race, because he has branded himself with the cross, and because he pronounces himself ready to make the uttermost sacrifice for the sake of his religion. His former associates say that, notwithstanding this attitude of aggressive Christianity, he was regarded by them, up to this time, as a perfectly sane man. It is thought necessary, also, to bear witness to the fact that "his reputation has been of the best"—and this notwithstanding his desire to put himself of record as a militant apostle! This is humorous indeed! King Edward is much tattooed, but he is not adjudged insane. Why should one who brands himself with the cross be considered any less sane than one who is tattooed with anchors, harps and hearts? Were a man to organize a company for money-making, or for any interested purpose, he would be commended for his enterprise. But the disinterested organization calls forth suspicions of insanity.

Although the alienists appear to think that insanity is a thing definitely to be defined and easily to be detected, the lay mind derives no little amusement from those eccentricities and individualities which arrest the dissatisfied comment of the public. For example, the writer is acquainted with a woman who is regarded by all of her neighbors as insane. Careful inquiry into the basis of this belief has revealed the following facts: The woman wears her hair, which is naturally curly, hanging in ringlets down her back—a fashion which went out nearly forty years ago. When questioned about it, the woman said she did it because it made her look like her mother, and she wished above all things not only to look but to be like her mother. Also, the woman whose sanity is in question is nearly always smiling, though very poor and under the necessity of doing work far beyond her strength. She begins singing before breakfast, can be heard making inordinately merry with her sons as they sit at table, eating but scanty fare; she wears old-fashioned clothes and does not appear to notice it; she sends her boys to school and goes without the necessities to keep them there. She does not seem to know when the weather is bad, and has even been heard to remark that the weather is in God's hands.

She has been seen to pray. One beautiful morning she broke into a hymn on the street. She is consequently avoided as being mad. Having courage, patience, industry, love, cheerfulness, worshipfulness and spontaneity, a conventional neighborhood casts her out as unworthy the consideration of sane and melancholy beings!

THE Carnegie Institute, that astonishing temple of the fine arts, has been completed and dedicated under propitious circumstances. To quote a characteristic newspaper paragraph: "The new Carnegie Institute rises, a glistening edifice of marble, from the greensward in Schenley Park. With its wings and extensions it covers an area of four acres, while with the three floors there is a space for the various departments of sixteen acres. Some idea of the extent of the building may be gained by a comparison with the capitol at Washington, which covers three and a half acres. The total cost of the Institute is six million dollars. Six thousand tons of marble have been used in its construction, which alone cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Twenty-five thousand electric lights and two hundred miles of wiring are controlled by one of the largest switchboards in the world. The heating and ventilating plant cost six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the library the new book stacks are eleven stories high, and have a capacity of eight hundred thousand volumes, while the entire capacity is one million five hundred thousand volumes."

There it is, neatly described, with figures to awe us all, and dimensions to dismay. There are, of course, more figures and further dimensions—but these will suffice. Great men came from foreign lands to assist in its dedication, and spoke on many subjects and to great companies. Mr. John W. Alexander decorated a colossal hall with frescoes symbolizing the triumph of energy in Pittsburg. An ironclad knight symbolizes the city, while Fame sounds on trumpets the pæan of achievement. Maidens typifying the sister cities of the world are bringing gifts from all quarters of the globe to pour into the lap of industry.

All is recognizant of the present time. Mr. Carnegie will not confirm the purchase of any "old masters," for example, for the art gallery. These are difficult to secure,



Copyright, 1907, Jamestown Official Photograph Co.

THE MOTHERS' AND CHILDREN'S BUILDING AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The first of its kind, the building will be used as a *crèche* and to house appropriate exhibits

their purchase intensely irritates the countries from which they are taken, and their spirit is not in keeping with that of the Institute. Mr. Carnegie's money is a modern thing, made under modern conditions, and it is his intention to have the Institute act as the influential patron of living artists. It is modern masterpieces that are desired.

Nor, indeed, is there any reason to suppose that noble and distinguished contemporary paintings are not to be had for the seeking. The reports from the National Academy of Design reveal the agreeable fact that there have been displayed there this spring a number of notable canvases. "The whole exhibition," says a commentator, "is one great tribute to the men of personality, seeing life through their own eyes, noting all with the utmost frankness and sincerity, and making no compromise with their conscience." The names of Childe Hassam, Jonas Lie, E. W. Redfield and Ernest Lawson are mentioned in particular. Yes, it is from such men, conscious of their own day, and loving it as the great Florentines loved theirs, that the true art expression for such an institution as that created by Mr. Carnegie is to be found. The new Institute has been made spacious to suit this great and prolific time; it is to have a liberal policy, keeping its doors open to the future. It is a great idea, magnificently executed, and the beneficence of its operations will, no question, be widespread.

All this is another indication of that intense activity which marks opulent and chaotic Pittsburg at this period of its emergence from the domination of material things. Never was a city of its size more triumphant in material matters than Pittsburg. It has been granted dazzling success. Now, success is a sort of problem—a burden—a responsibility. When it is approached gradually, men may meet it with dignity. A generation has seen its attainment in Pittsburg, and in endeavoring to confront it men of the highest position have gone mad, have betrayed their friends, have murdered, committed suicide, sinned in every conceivable way, and contrived to do it in the most spectacular manner.

But this need not dismay those who wish well to this wonderful town. The reaction will come even in those families which now show the saddest evidences of decay, and in the stress of this reaction good men and brave, capable of sacrifice and perhaps passionately devoted to it, poets and great citizens will arise. This is quite inevitable. It may be expected with confidence. It is one of those psychological propositions which time will demonstrate. There is activity in Pittsburg—amazing activity. There is imagination, satiety, hope, greed, generosity, splendor of purpose and a gehenna of doubt. What will arise amid it in the way of a man to fit the Carnegie Institute?

WE have had one era of political "good feeling" in our history—an era characterized, paradoxically enough, by great bitterness in the way of factionalism. The Democratic party, founded on the wonderfully vitalizing political philosophy of Jefferson, had overwhelmed all opposition. The indications are that we are entering upon days which will lead to another such era. Bryan's campaign in 1896, followed by that of 1900, seems to have vitalized in the people the thought that aggregated wealth has become predatory and must be resisted. Then came Roosevelt, pressing the same ideals home with enormous energy and splendid ability from the White House. LaFollette in Wisconsin, Cummins in Iowa, Folk in Missouri, Davis in Arkansas, Hoke Smith in Georgia, B. B. Comer in Alabama, Sheldon and Norris Brown in Nebraska, Hadley in Missouri, Johnson in Minnesota, Burke in North Dakota—and to a lesser degree, per-

haps, Hanly, Deneen, Davidson and others—have fought for the same ideals in state affairs. Hughes, of New York, is a more recent recruit. The demand for the "square deal," for decency in politics, for the man as against the coupon, has vivified the work of all of them. But they are divided by party lines; some of them are Republicans and some Democrats. If they ever develop the statesmanship to break down the artificial barriers of party, they will wield as undisputed sway as did the Democrats of the time of James Monroe. That such a blotting out of party lines is imminent is shown by the John Temple Graves incident at Chattanooga. It was significant that a Democrat like Mr. Graves should advocate Roosevelt's nomination by Bryan at the Democratic national convention in 1908. It is still more so that Bryan seemed to recognize such action on his part as among the possibilities. Even more meaningful still, we think, was Bryan's statement that, as now advised, he would select LaFollette as the best Republican for Democrats to support. Such things can not take place save when party walls are crumbling. These things mean something.



Van der Weyde, photographer, 1907.

#### GEORGE SILVESTER VIERECK

At twenty-two this young poet, author of "A Game of Love," "Nineveh, and Other Poems," "Gedichte," etc., has been hailed by leading critics as America's coming poet. His first novel, "The House of the Vampire," will shortly be published.

SOME one wrote a pleasant little article the other day calling attention to the number of actresses in the drama proper who had been called on by the happy exigencies of their plays to do a little dancing this year. Of course "Peter Pan" is a sort of continuous dance, and Miss Adams displays in it an aptitude which makes her hop, skip and jump almost as spontaneous as that of the immortal Pierrot himself. Julia Marlowe dances exquisitely as *Salome* in "John the Baptist"; Miss Annie Russell is called upon to trip it in her somewhat ill-apportioned part of *Puck* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and beautiful Alla Nazimova has been dancing in "The Doll's House." All this speaks well for the growing popularity of that too much neglected art of dancing. The American public, truth to tell, shows a distressing indifference to fine dancing. Performances that in the capitals of Europe would bring forth the most enthusiastic demonstrations are here received in heavy silence, or rewarded by a languid glove-patting from a few individuals; and even these mild indications of approval incur the frowning displeasure of the unsympathetic.

Who has not seen a superb solo or ensemble performance go quite unapplauded, whereas a swaggering Amazon march, inartistic, and with mere verve and corporeality to recommend it, would bring forth thunders of applause? As stage art progresses in this country, and the subdued and exquisitely toned stage pictures now produced have their part in educating the public, it is to be hoped that the poetical dances, with the proper accompaniments of elaborate stage pictures, will win their way also.

**A** BRILLIANT and exceptionally genial man passed on into the unknown country when Mr. James H. Eckels died the other day. Born in the village of Princeton, Illinois, and, after his education, practising law in Ottawa of the same state, he was one of those capable provincials that are the corner-stone, so to speak, of such a commonwealth as ours. When Mr. Cleveland, attracted by his eloquent speeches, appointed him controller of the currency, there was a storm of protest. Mr. Eckels was practically unknown; he was young and inexperienced. But Mr. Cleveland was correct in his supposition that a man who could talk so understandingly of public affairs was fitted to administer them. Mr. Eckels was put to such a test as no man holding a similar position in this country had been put to. Within a few weeks after his appointment the panic of 1893 almost paralyzed business. In ten weeks one hundred and sixty-five national banks failed—a number only twenty less than the total during the preceding thirty years. The country was hysterical—portions of it were all but revolutionary. Here was a task for a man, and Mr. Eckels proved himself capable of meeting it. The new controller settled down to his job in good earnest, and during the first ten weeks he reopened one hundred and fifteen of the banks, one hundred of which were successful. He collected and paid out to depositors in banks that had failed more than twenty-eight million dollars, or thirty-six per cent. of the total amount paid out in the history of the system. Many more banks were assisted and sustained during this period of stress. Mr. Eckels had almost unlimited opportunities for blunders, but he did not make them. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of the country, until the close of the administration.



THE LATE JAMES HERRON ECKELS

President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago; Controller of the Currency under President Cleveland, 1893-1897. Born November 22, 1858, died April 14, 1907.

With the election of Mr. McKinley he declared his intention to leave public life, and immediately received numerous offers from financial institutions. After some reflection he accepted the presidency of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, impelled thereto partly by the opportunity it gave him to return to his native state. He has held many additional offices of trust, and was, of course, a highly prized associate and director of numerous concerns. Still barely to the half-century mark, he had won distinction as an attorney, an orator, a man of enormous public trust, and the president of a great bank. But these achievements were merely an indication of his temperament, which had about it a genial expansiveness. He believed in men and trusted them, and, expecting much of them, they arose to meet his expectations. His circle of warm personal friends was large, and his society was highly prized. Qualities of sheer loveliness distinguished him. He loved to tell and to listen to a good story, and he was not in the least afraid of carrying the burdens of others. If any word or act of his could assist a friend or even a stranger, he gave freely of what was required. He was so successful himself that he



believed in success. He loved to help young men, to assist in the construction of their careers, and to vitalize them, so to speak, with his own hearty belief in the country and the opportunities it offers. He knew that honesty and industry, courage and expectation would do almost anything for a man, and he preached that wholesome creed to the men he met in the Young Men's Christian Association and other similar organizations with which he associated himself. He was generous with himself, and not only was he

patriotic, benevolent, neighborly and genial, but he delighted to be these things. He was a Christian, and took heed to what he learned. His open Bible lay beside the bed on which he lay as he passed painlessly from sleep to death. "The desires of his heart" had been given him, and his translation while he was in his perfect prime exempts him from that anti-climax from which the aged must suffer. He was useful, brilliant, kindly and successful—a typical American of the best sort.



MISS JESSIE BUSBY

*As Nance Olden in "In the Bishop's Carriage"*

AT the rate with which the federal government is reclaiming arid lands there will, in twenty years, be left but little of what the past generation considered desert in this country. Certainly within the next half-century at least sixty million acres of land, at present dry and worthless, will be transformed into fertile soil and will undoubtedly be occupied by hundreds of thousands of prosperous settlers. The prompt action of congress and the president in putting in force the Reclamation Act, and the readiness with which public funds and private capital have been offered to provide irrigation for immense tracts of land has again started the western movement of immigration which, fifteen years ago, appeared to have ceased for good.

No less than twenty-two irrigation projects, involving the expenditure of twenty-five million dollars, are now in process of building, while others, to cost fifteen million dollars, are under consideration. The Reclamation Service has thirty-four million dollars on hand at present, and will have forty-one million five hundred thousand dollars by 1908. Lakes are being tapped, huge rivers dammed, immense reservoirs established and the water thus obtained is being spread in ditches over millions of acres hitherto thought useless for agricultural purposes.

Aside from a wise restriction as to the amount of land any one person can own, these lands may be had practically for the asking. The government requires the owner to reside on his claim long enough to "prove up," and aside from this the only cost is twenty-six dollars an acre, payable in ten installments, to pay for the water. And this irrigated land produces crops in number and abundance which make some eastern lands seem sterile by comparison.





From stereograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

**EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY**

Eather (age 13)	Francis Grover (age 3)	Mrs. Cleveland			
		Marion (age 11)	Richard (age 9)	Ex-President Cleveland	

# SENTRY-GO

A Song of the Service

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

"I love a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l—  
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears,  
Settin' by th' Peek-in wall;  
Gazin' down th' empty years—  
Nary brains in you a-tall!  
Fat-eyed idol, tell ter me—  
Private Jenks from Kansas state—  
What th' dickens do you see?  
How much longer will you wait?

Fat-eyed idol, 'f I wuz you—  
You wuz me an' things wuz so—  
Know th' fust thing I would do?  
Betcher life I'd up an' go!  
Betcher life I'd hurry back—  
Back ter Kansas on th' Kaw—  
Fat-eyed idol, fer a fack,  
Best ole place you ever saw!

Sun a-shinin' there right now  
On them fields o' wavin' corn—  
Say! It's life behind a plow  
Waitin' fer th' dinner horn!  
Work is only sorter play—  
Ain't no walkin' post at night,  
Hearin' sounds ter make you gray—  
No one lookin' fer a fight!

Fat-eyed idol settin' there  
Warpin' in this heathen sun;  
Don't suppose you even care—  
Heck! You never have no fun!  
Never stirrin' from yer seat  
While th' heathens come an' go—  
Floppin' at yer pagan feet—  
Fat-eyed idol you are slow!

Fat-eyed idol, you don't know  
What is love a single lick;  
I wuz Ina Sawyer's beau—  
Ina lives acrost th' crick.  
When I whistled Sunday nights  
She would meet me an' we'd go  
Walkin' where they warnt no lights—  
Fat-eyed idol, you don't know!

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears—  
Settin' by th' Peek-in wall—  
Dry yer eyes an' wag yer ears,  
You ain't got no grief a-tall!  
Think o' me from Kansas state!  
Grief? W'y say, my name is Grief!  
Fat-eyed idol, you kin wait—  
Here comes Private Jenks' relief!

"I love a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l—  
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

## WHICH WAS CORRECT?

The late Ambrose L. Thomas, the noted advertising expert of Chicago, once told in an address on advertising a story of two doctors.

"To illustrate my point," he said, apropos of an advertising error, "I'll tell you about my friend B—.

"B— was taken suddenly ill, and, his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered B—'s chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially uncon-

scious. Each put his hand under the bed-clothes to feel B—'s pulse, and each got hold of the other's hand.

"'He has typhoid,' said the first physician.

"'Nothing of the kind,' said the other. 'He's only drunk.'"

## ON THE LINKS

Bunker—Miss Woodby is so eccentric in her golf playing since her return from Paris.

Miss Niblock—Is she, really?

Bunker—Yes, indeed. When she fozzles now, she invariably exclaims: "Hoot mon Dieu!"

